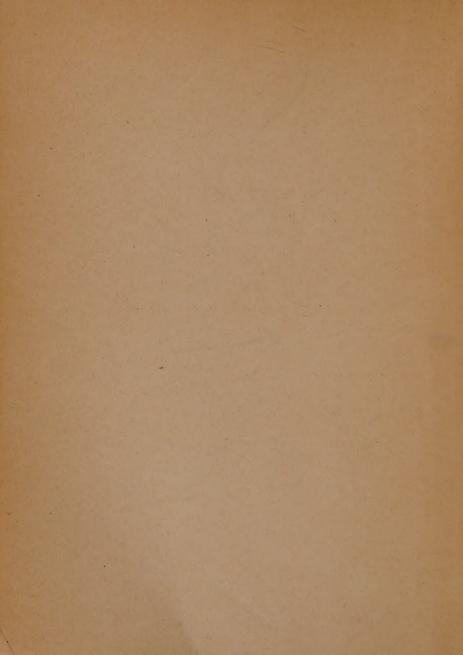


Jeog Coarsons Floy Parsons



THE

JONES READERS BY GRADES

BOOK SIX

BY

L. H. JONES, A.M.

PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS IN INDIANAPOLIS,

INDIANA, AND CLEVELAND, OHIO

GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

COPYRIGHT, 1903, 1904 BY GINN & COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

79.1

The Athenaum Press GINN & COMPANY · PRO-PRIETORS · BOSTON · U.S.A.

PREFACE

This reader is intended as a basal reader for the sixth school year. The selections are made with due reference to the need of a wide range of ideas and a rapidly growing vocabulary to keep pace with the rapid development of the work in other subjects in this grade. The reading book in every grade should at once prepare the way for other work and add zest to it by the use of interesting related matter.

At twelve years of age the child is entering upon a definite period of noble impulses and exalted ideals. His school reader more than any other book stimulates these impulses and assists these ideals.

These selections are taken from the best literature in the English language. Much distinctly new matter has been used, in which ethical ideas are clothed in the concrete forms to which we are best accustomed in this age. On the other hand, a few standard pieces are used, though they have appeared in other readers. Whether new or old, the selections have that permanent worth which makes them universal in their application. The selections from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Dean Howells, Mary Johnston, Thomas Starr King, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Edith M. Thomas, Charles Dudley Warner, and John Greenleaf Whittier, are used by the kind permission of, and by special arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

We are permitted also by the kindness of the publishing houses named below to use the following selections: "The Haunt of a Bird Lover," by Maurice Thompson (John B. Alden); "A South African Desert," by George W. Steevens (Dodd, Mead & Co.); "Spring," by Henry Timrod (B. F. Johnson Publishing Company); "Sleep," by Robert Collyer; "New Things and Old," and "A Talk to School Children," by Wendell Phillips (Lee & Shepard).

CONTENTS

	P.	AGE
A GALLOP OF THREE	Theodore Winthrop	13
A SCENE FROM SILAS MARNER	George Eliot	18
WANTED - MEN	J. G. Holland	20
THE INCHCAPE ROCK	Robert Southey	21
THE RESCUE OF JOCK	Laura E. Richards	24
DAFFODILS	William Wordsworth	29
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	H. W. Thomas	31
CLEAR THE WAY	Charles Mackay	34
SLEEP	Robert Collyer	36
HELVELLYN	Walter Scott	38
ELIZABETH; OR THE EXILES OF SIBERIA	Donald G. Mitchell	41
THE DAWN OF PEACE	John Ruskin	45
A-HUNTING OF THE DEER	Charles Dudley Warner	47
SEPTEMBER		54
AUTUMN COLORS	. Henry Ward Beecher	55
DYING IN HARNESS		57
IN THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD		59
RIP VAN WINKLE—I		62
RIP VAN WINKLE — II		67
CARCASSONNE		73
AT THE NORTH POLE	Robert Stawell Ball	76
A BIRD'S NEST	James Hurdis	78
THOUGHTS ON GARDENING		79
TO THE DANDELION	. James Russell Lowell	82
THE WARNING	Mary Johnston	84
WALTER RALEIGH		89
A LOST CHORD		91
THE SURRENDER OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY		93
New Things and Old		100
HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE The		
THE RHODORA	. Ralph Waldo Emerson	109
ANEMONE	Edith M. Thomas	110

	PAGE
The Battle of Quebec William Dean Howells	111
THE WATER LILY James Jeffrey Roche A TALK TO SCHOOL CHILDREN Wendell Phillips October's Bright Blue Weather Helen Hunt Jackson	115
A TALK TO SCHOOL CHILDREN Wendell Phillips	116
OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER Helen Hunt Jackson	118
THE OASIS George William Curtis	120
TO A WATER FOWL William Cullen Bryant	124
ACADEMIC OPPORTUNITIES Thomas Starr King	126
THE YELLOW VIOLET William Cullen Bryant	129
PSALM CXLVIII	131
DON QUIXOTE	133
THE BELL OF ATRI	140
MY THREE COMPANIONS Oliver Wendell Holmes	145
LITTLE GIFFEN Francis O. Ticknor	151
A WINTER EVENING John G. Whittier	153
TONGUES AND TUBES	156
COLUMBUS Joaquin Miller	162
THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB Lord Byron	164
ROBERT BURNS Ralph Waldo Emerson	166
ROBERT BURNS	170
OLD SCROOGE	173
My Triumph John G. Whittier	179
EDUCATION Thomas Babington Macaulay	180
THE FLIGHT OF ÆNEAS	
Translated from Virgil's "Æneid" by Christopher P. Cranch	183
SEVEN YEARS OLD	187
CHARACTER AND REPUTATION Henry Ward Beecher	189
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS Oliver Wendell Holmes	191
THE HAUNT OF A BIRD LOVER Maurice Thompson	194
A Brave Rescue	197
THE CRY OF THE LITTLE BROTHERS Etheldred Breeze Barry	203
GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT Jonathan Swift	205
TO A SKYLARK Percy Bysshe Shelley	210
MISS BARKER'S TEA PARTY Mrs. Gaskell	215
To a City Pigeon N. P. Willis	219
ROBIN HOOD AND KING RICHARD John B. Marsh	221
A HAPPY LIFE	226
A SOUTH AFRICAN DESERT George W. Steevens	. 227
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER . Samuel Taylor Coleridge	229
CHARACTER John Lubbock	235

	PAGE
THE VEERY Henry J. van Dyke	239
Spring	241
How WE ARE JUDGED Ralph Waldo Emerson	243
THE CAMEL'S NOSE Lydia H. Sigourney	244
THE MAN WITH THE COPPER HAND Mary Hartwell Catherwood	246
Sandalphon Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	250
THE LOVE OF NATURE William Wordsworth	252
THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN	253
Song Thomas Love Peacock	258
THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL John Milton	258
CIRCE'S PALACE	259
SIR LARK AND KING SUN: A PARABLE George Macdonald	264
THE TIGER	266
THE TWO FRIENDS	267
ŒNONE	270
An Ant's Nest Andrew Wilson	272
TIGER LILIES Thomas Bailey Aldrich	276
Samuel Johnson — I Nathaniel Hawthorne	278
SAMUEL JOHNSON—II Nathaniel Hawthorne	282
RECESSIONAL Rudyard Kipling	287



ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS

PAGE	PAGE
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY 276	King, Thomas Starr 126
BALL, SIR ROBERT STAWELL,	KIPLING, RUDYARD 287
F.R.S 76	LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADS-
BARRY, ETHELDRED BREEZE 203	worth 140, 170, 250
BEECHER, HENRY WARD . 55, 189	LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL 82
BIBLE	Lubbock, Sir John 235
BLACKMORE, RICHARD D 197	MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON,
BLAKE, WILLIAM 266	LORD 102, 180
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN 124, 129	Macdonald, George 264
Byron, George Gordon, Lord 164	Mackay, Charles 34
CATHERWOOD, MARY HARTWELL 246	Marsh, John B 221
CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE 133	MILLER, CINCINNATUS HINER (see
CLODD, EDWARD 59	Joaquin Miller) 162
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR . 229	MILLER, JOAQUIN 162
COLLYER, ROBERT	Milton, John 258
Cooper, James Fenimore 93	MITCHELL, DONALD G 41, 89
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER P 183	Morley, Margaret W 156
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM 120	NADAUD, GUSTAVE 73
DICKENS, CHARLES 173	O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE 57
ELIOT, GEORGE (see Evans) 18	Peacock, Thomas Love 258
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 109, 166, 243	PHILLIPS, WENDELL 100, 116
Evans, Mary Ann (see Eliot) . 18	PROCTER, ADELAIDE A 91
Gaskell, Elizabeth C 215	RICHARDS, LAURA E 24
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL 278	ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY 115
Holland, Josiah Gilbert 20	Ruskin, John 45
Holmes, Dr. Oliver Wendell	SCOTT, SIR WALTER 38
145, 191	SELECTED 54, 253, 259
Howells, William Dean 111	SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE 210
Hurdis, James 78	SIGOURNEY, LYDIA H 244
IRVING, WASHINGTON 62	Southey, Robert 21
Jackson, Helen Hunt 118	STEEVENS, GEORGE W 227
JOHNSTON, MARY 84	SWIFT, JONATHAN 205

	PAGE		PAGE
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES	187	Virgil	. 183
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD	270	WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY .	
THOMAS, EDITH M	110	WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	153, 179
THOMAS, HIRAM W	31	WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER	. 219
THOMPSON, JAMES MAURICE	194	WILSON, ANDREW	
Thompson, John R	73	WINTHROP, THEODORE	
TICKNOR, DR. FRANCIS O	151	WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	
TIMROD, HENRY	241	WOTTON, SIR HENRY	. 226
VAN DYKE, HENRY J	239	Yonge, Charlotte M	. 267





JONES READERS BY GRADES

BOOK SIX

A GALLOP OF THREE

THEODORE WINTHROP

THEODORE WINTHROP (1828-1861) was a New England writer and soldier. He was killed in the Civil War, in the battle of Great Bethel, Va. His novels are as vigorous and wholesome as was his own character.

Note. — In the spirited story of Western life from which this selection is taken, the author relates an attempt to carry off the heroine by force. 5 She is rescued by John Brent and his friends.

We were off, we three, on our gallop to save. The horses took fire at once. They were ready to burst into their top speed and go off in a frenzy.

"Steady, steady!" cried Brent. "We know we are on 10 their track. Seven or eight full hours! it is long odds of a start. But they are not mounted as we are mounted. They did not ride as we shall ride. They will fear pur suit and push on without stopping. But we shall catch them; we shall catch them before night!"

"You are aiming for the mountains?" I asked.

"For Luggernel Alley," said Brent. "That is the only gate through the mountains. These men will make for the Springs. The Springs are the only water to be had

in this region. They must go there. A little faster, friends; a little faster yet!"

It was a vast desert level where we were riding. Before us was the faint blue of the Sierra. Not a bird sang in the hot noon; not a cricket chirped. We now rode side by side, taking our strides together. Far—ah, how terribly dim and distant!—was the Sierra, a slowly lifting cloud. We three rode abreast over the sere brown plain on our gallop to save.

Oh, my glorious Don Fulano! The great killing pace seemed a mere playful canter to him, — such as one might ride beside a timid girl. But from time to time he surged a little forward with his great shoulders and gave a mighty writhe of his body, while his hind legs came lifting his flanks under me, and telling of the giant reserve of speed and power he kept easily controlled.

At the left rode Brent, our leader. His iron-gray went grandly, with white mane flapping the air like a signal flag of reprieve. We must make the most of the levels.

Rougher work and obstacles were before us. All the wild, triumphal music I had ever heard sang in my ears to the flinging cadence of the resonant feet, tramping on hollow arches of the volcanic rock. Sweet and soft around us was the hazy air of October. On we galloped on our errand to save.

It came afternoon as we rode on steadily. The country grew rougher, the mountain lines sharper. We came

upon a wide tract covered with wild-sage bushes. These delayed and baffled us. It was a pygmy forest of trees no higher than the knee. It checked our speed and chafed our horses. We tore along, breaking over and through the sage bushes, each man where best he could.

What was this? The bushes trampled and broken down. Hoof marks in the dust. "The trail!" I cried; "the trail!" They sprang toward me. Brent followed the line with his eye. He galloped forward with a look of triumph. Suddenly I saw him fling himself half out 10 of his saddle and clutch at some object. Still going at speed and holding on by one leg alone, he picked up something from the bushes. A lady's glove!

We pressed on; this silent cry for help made the danger seem near.

And now in front the purple Sierra was growing brown and rising up, a distant wall. Broad fields of cool snow gleamed upon the summits. Our horses suffered bitterly for water. Five hours we had ridden through all that arid waste without a pause. It was cruel to press on; 20 it was more cruel to stay.

Fulano suffered least. He turned his brave eye back, and beckoned me with his ear to listen, while he seemed to say: "See, this is my Endurance! I hold my Power ready still to show." And he curved his proud neck, 25 shook his mane like a banner, and galloped grandest of all.

Suddenly our leader sprang from the saddle. "Look," he cried, "how those fellows spent their time and saved ours. Thank Heaven for this! We shall save her now, surely." It was water. They had dug a pit deep in the 5 thirsty sand and found a lurking river buried there. The pit was nearly five feet deep. An hour's work, and no less, it must have cost them.

We drank thankfully of this well by the wayside. We were grateful almost to the point of pity; but rescue was imperative. We grudged these moments of refreshment. I wiped the dust from Fulano's nostrils and let him breathe a moment. Then I let him drain deep, delicious draughts from the stirrup cup. He whinnied thanks and undying fealty—my noble comrade! He drank like a reveler. When I mounted again he gave a jubilant curvet and bound. All those miles of our hard, hot gallop were nothing.

The brown Sierra was close at hand. The gap opened before us, grand and terrible. Its mighty walls, a thousand feet high, bore aloft two pyramids of purple cliffs far above the snow line.

Terrible riding in that fierce chasm over great beds of loose stone! Madness to go as we went! No whipping or spurring. Our horses were a part of ourselves. We could not choose ground. We must take our leaps on that cruel rock wherever they offered.

Brent's horse slipped on the smooth rock and fell short. His master was out of the saddle almost before he struck, raising him. No, he would never rise again. He sank and died without a sound. Brent groaned. With one knife-stroke I cut the thong of my girth. The heavy saddle fell to the ground. I cut off my spurs. They never yet had touched Fulano's flanks. He stood beside 5 me, quiet, but trembling to be off.

"Now, Brent, up behind me!" I whispered, for the awe of death was upon us. I mounted. Brent sprang up behind. I ride light for a tall man. Brent is the lightest body of an athlete I ever saw. Fulano stood steady till 10 we were firm in our seats. Then he tore down the defile. Here was that vast reserve of power; here the tireless spirit; here the hoof striking true as a thunderbolt where the brave eye saw footing; here that writhing agony of speed; here the great promise fulfilled, the great heart 15, thrilling to mine. Noble Fulano!

I did not check or guide him. He saw all. He knew all. All was his doing. Over the slippery rocks, plunging through the loose stones, on went the horse, we clinging as we might. The gaunt white horse and his rider were 20 left behind. No other horse that ever lived could have held with mine in that headlong gallop to save.

The crags flung apart, right and left. I saw the gleam of gushing water. We were there. We were in time.

Adapted.

the Sier'ra: a mountain ridge. — Fulano (foo-lah'no). — volcanic rock: rock brought to the surface by volcanic action.

A SCENE FROM SILAS MARNER

GEORGE ELIOT

GEORGE ELIOT was the assumed name of Mary Ann Evans, an English novelist, who was born in 1819 and died in 1880. She was a gifted writer, and her books are remarkable as studies of human character. Those which are liked best by young people are "Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the 5 Floss."

Note. — Silas Marner was an old miser who lived alone in a little cottage. He had nothing in the world to love but his money, and when this was stolen he was very unhappy. On this night a poor woman with a baby in her arms had lost her way in the dark, and at last had lain down to die in the snow; but the child crept away from her mother toward the cottage.

Suddenly the child's eyes were caught by a bright light on the white ground. That bright, living thing must be caught, and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam was not to be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place, and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back,—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks.

The little one spread its tiny hands toward the blaze, gurgling to the cheerful fire like a new-hatched gosling. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down, and the blue eyes closed.

Silas Marner came in chilled and faint. He thought 5 he had been standing too long in the cold. Turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart and sent forth only a red, uncertain glitter, he seated himself, and was stooping to push his logs together when it seemed to him as if there were gold on the floor in 10 front of the hearth. Gold — his own gold — brought back to him! For a moment he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and to get larger beneath his gaze. He leaned forward at last and stretched out his hand, but 15 instead of hard coins his fingers touched warm, soft curls. In utter amazement Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel; it was a sleeping child, —a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a 20 dream — his little sister whom he had carried about for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? Was it a dream?

But there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it to his knee. It ²⁵ clung round his neck, and Silas pressed it to him, uttering sounds of hushing tenderness.

WANTED - MEN 1

J. G. HOLLAND

Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819–1881), whose pen name was Timothy Titcomb, was an American writer of some note. He wrote poems and novels, and several volumes of advice to young people.

Note. — This sonnet was written in 1867. It was a time of great 5 national discouragement and perplexity. The President and Congress were continually in conflict, and unscrupulous politicians were eager to carry out their selfish plans.

God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands; 10 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor, — men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking:

For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,

Their large professions, and their little deeds,

20 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

lust: desire. — dem'agogue: a false leader or orator who appeals to the baser elements in mankind.

¹ From Holland's "Poetical Writings." Copyright, 1879, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843) was a famous English author and poet.

Note. — Nearly opposite the mouth of the Tay, on the east coast of Scotland, is a dangerous reef known as the Inchcape or Bell Rock. Many shipwrecks have occurred there. According to tradition the rock was formerly marked by a bell, placed there by the abbot of Arbroath. The 5 present lighthouse was built by Robert Stevenson in 1807–1810.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, The ship was still as she could be; Her sails from heaven received no motion, Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock, The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock; So little they rose, so little they fell, They did not move the Inchcape Bell. 10

15

20

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring, It made him whistle, it made him sing; His heart was mirthful to excess, But the Royer's mirth was wickedness.

10

15

20

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound, The bubbles rose and burst around; Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock." Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

On deck the Rover takes his stand; So dark it is they see no land; Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon, For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

ñ

10

15

20

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar? For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong; Though the wind has fallen, they drift along, Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock; "O Death! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair; He cursed himself in his despair; But the waves rush in on every side, And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

Ar'broath (brōth): originally Ab'erbrothock, which means the mouth of the Brothock, a river of eastern Scotland. An important monastery was established here in the twelfth century. Scott has made the town famous in "The Antiquary." — joyance: joyousness. — scoured: sailed over.

THE RESCUE OF JOCK 1

LAURA E. RICHARDS

MRS. LAURA E. RICHARDS is a New England author whose books for girls are popular and wholesome.

Note. — Hilda is a young girl who is spending the summer on a farm. She hears one night that her dog is in the wheel pit of an old mill. Hilda 5 determines to save him, and starts out with another little dog named Will.

Through the kitchen and out of the back porch sped Hilda, only stopping to catch up a small lantern which hung on a nail, and to put some matches in her pocket. Little Will followed her, barking hopefully, and together to the two ran swiftly through the barnyard and past the cow shed, and took the path which led to the old mill.

The way was so familiar to Hilda that she could have traversed it blindfold; and this was well for her, for in the dense shade of the beech plantation it was pitch dark. Out from among the trees now, into the dim starlit glade; down the pine-strewn path, with the noise of falling water from out the beechwood at the right, and the ruined mill looming black before her! Now came the three broken steps. Yes, so far she had no need of the lantern. Groping her way, her hand touched the stone wall; but she drew it back hastily, so damp and cold the stones were. Darker and darker here; she must light

 $^{^{1}}$ From "Queen Hildegarde," by Laura E. Richards. Copyright, 1889, by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

the lantern before she ventured down the long flight of steps. The match spurted, and now the tiny yellow flame sprang up and shed a faint light on the immediate space around her. It only made the outer darkness seem more intense. But she could see two steps in front of her; 5 and holding the lantern steadily before her, she stepped carefully down and down, until she stood on the firm greensward of the glen.

Ah! how different everything was now from its usual aspect. The green and gold were turned into black upon 10 black. The laughing, dimpling, sun-kissed water was now a black, gloomy pool, beyond which the fall shimmered white like a water spirit.

Hilda held her lantern tighter. She stood for a moment as if paralyzed with fear, when suddenly the little dog 15 gave a sharp yelp and leaped up on her impatiently. The sound startled her into new terror; but in a moment the revulsion came, and she almost laughed aloud. Here was she, a great girl, cowering and shivering, while a tiny puppy, who had hardly any brains at all, was eager to go 20 on. She patted the dog, and walking steadily forward, pushed aside the dense tangle of vines and bushes, and stooped down to enter the black hole which led into the vault of the mill.

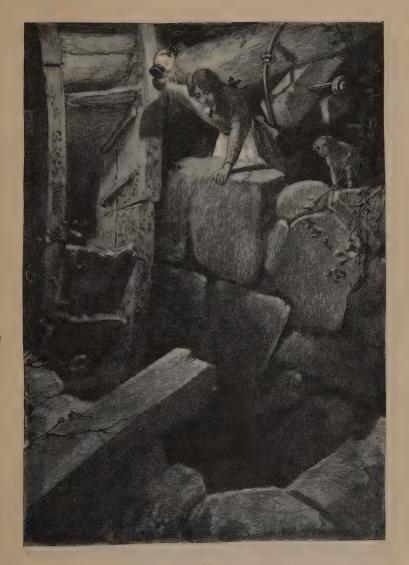
A rush of cold air met her and beat against her face 25 like a black wing that brushed it. It had a moldy smell. Holding up the lantern, Hilda crept as best she could

through the narrow opening. Grim enough by daylight, it was now doubly so; for the blackness seemed like something tangible, some shapeless monster which was gathering itself together and shrinking back, inch by inch, as the little spark of light moved forward. The gaunt beams, the jagged bits of iron, bent and twisted into fantastic shapes, stretched and thrust themselves from every side. But hark! was that a sound, — a faint sound from the farthest and darkest corner, where the great wheel raised its toothed and broken round from the dismal pit?

"Jock! my little Jock!" cried Hilda, "are you there?"

A feeble sound, the very ghost of a tiny bark, answered her, and a faint scratching was heard. In an instant all fear left Hilda, and she sprang forward, holding the lantern high above her head and calling out words of encouragement and cheer. "Courage, Jock! Cheer up, little man! Missis is here; Missis will save you! Speak to him, Will! Tell him you are here."

"Wow!" said Will, manfully, scuttling about in the darkness. "Wa-ow!" replied a pitiful squeak from the depths of the wheel pit. Hilda reached the edge of the pit and looked down. In one corner was a little white bundle, which moved feebly, and wagged a piteous tail, and squeaked with faint rapture. Evidently the little creature was exhausted, perhaps badly injured. How should she reach him? She threw a ray of light—oh! how dim it was, and how heavy and close the



darkness pressed! - on the side of the pit, and saw that it was a rough and jagged wall with stones projecting at intervals. A moment's survey satisfied her. Setting the lantern carefully at a little distance, and bidding Will 5 be still, she began the descent, feeling the way carefully with her feet and grasping the rough stones firmly with her hands. At last her feet touched the soft earth; another instant, and she had Jock in her arms and was fondling and caressing him in her delight. But how 10 should she ever get him up? For a moment she stood bewildered, and then an idea came to her. In her preoccupation of mind she had forgotten all day to take off the brown holland apron which she had worn at her work in the morning, and it was the touch of this apron which 15 brought her inspiration. Quick as a flash she had it off and tied round her neck, pinned up at both ends to form a bag. Then she stooped again to pick up Jock, whom she had laid carefully down while she arranged the apron. Into the apron bag went the puppy, yelping dismally. 20 Then slowly, carefully, clinging with hands and feet for life and limb, Hilda reascended the wall. Oh, but it was hard work! Her hands were already very sore, and the heavy bundle hung back from her neck and half choked her. Moreover the puppy was uncomfortable, and yelped 25 piteously, and struggled in his bonds. The jutting stones were far apart, and several times it seemed as if she could not possibly reach the next one. But Hilda set her teeth, and grasped the stones as if her slender hands were nerved with steel. At last! at last she felt the edge, and the next moment had dragged herself painfully over it and stood once more on solid ground.

Joyfully she hurried back, up the long steps, along the 5 glade, through the beech plantation, only laughing now when the feathery fingers brushed her face, and hugging Jock so tight that he squeaked again. Now she saw the lights twinkling in the farmhouse, and quickening her pace, she fairly ran through lane and barnyard, 10 and finally burst into the kitchen breathless and exhausted, but radiant.

Abridged.

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) was one of the greatest of English poets. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are known as the Lake Poets, because they lived in the lake district of England and described that region. 15 Wordsworth was a poet of remarkable but unequal powers. He succeeded Southey as poet laureate, and was himself succeeded by Tennyson.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

20

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

10

15

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



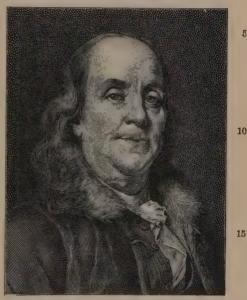
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

H. W. THOMAS

HIRAM W. THOMAS is a popular Chicago preacher.

As a young man, Franklin was not only active and ambitious, but he was blessed with a large amount of

eminently practical good sense. Unlike the great philosophers, who taught that learning was degraded by bringing it down to common affairs, this great philosopher of a later day and civilization sought constantly to utilize his knowledge in all practical ways, rather than to dwell in the world of abstract ideas.



ħ

10

He thought of the power of the lightning that plays across the sky, and with his kite and key he coaxed it 20 down a string and confined it in a bottle. And from this simple experiment the Morses and the Edisons have gone on in improvement, till now this same electric fluid

lights our houses and streets and carries messages across continents and seas.

He projected the first fire-engine company, and organized the first company of state militia and was colonel of its first regiment. In his plan for the union of the colonies he anticipated, if he did not really suggest, the model for the Constitution of the United States. He laid the foundations of the school that has since grown into the University of Pennsylvania; and in presiding over the post office of the colonies he introduced the penny stamp, that has since enlarged into our great postal service.

This poor boy, who began life making candles and setting type and eating his dry bread upon the streets of Philadelphia, at last stood before the royal and the learned of England and the Continent; and was admired and praised for his great knowledge.

It was through his influence very largely that the French court was won over to the cause of the colonies in the days of the Revolution; and without this support the inde20 pendence of our country could hardly have been gained.

And then, at the close of the war, the same hand that in 1776 had signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1782 and 1783 signed the treaty of independence and peace with Great Britain and also the treaties of amity 25 and commerce with Sweden and Prussia; and in 1789 that same hand signed the Constitution of the United States. He predicted at that time that the sun of his

country should "be a rising and not a setting sun,"—a prophecy that has been more than verified in a hundred years of unequaled prosperity.

It is said that from childhood Franklin delighted to repeat the proverb of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." He obeyed this proverb: he was diligent; and at last he stood before the royalty of Europe and received the public praise of Lord Chatham.

At the advanced age of eighty-four, his great life work 10 done, "he was gathered to his fathers." Upon the motion of James Madison, Congress adopted a resolution declaring that "his native genius was not more an ornament to human nature than his various exertions of it have been precious to science, to freedom, and to his country." And 15 Lord Brougham declared, "One of the most remarkable men of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher, was Franklin; who stands alone in combining these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that, having borne the first part in enlarging 20 science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world."

Morse and Edison: great electricians and inventors. It is to Morse that we owe the telegraph.—Lord Chat'ham: William Pitt, also known as the Great Commoner. He was a famous English statesman who showed great sympathy and friendliness for the American colonies.—Lord Brougham (broo'am): an English statesman.

CLEAR THE WAY

CHARLES MACKAY

CHARLES MACKAY (1814-1889) was a popular Scotch writer of prose and poetry. He was a well-known editor and correspondent of London papers.

FIRST VOICE

Men of thought! be up and stirring, night and day:
5 Sow the seed,—withdraw the curtain,—CLEAR THE WAY!

SECOND VOICE

Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,

There's a light about to beam,

There's a warmth about to glow,

There's a flower about to blow;

There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.

FIRST VOICE

Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

THIRD VOICE

Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say What the unimagined glories of the day?

15 What the evil that shall perish in its ray?

FOURTH VOICE

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.

FIRST VOICE

Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

SECOND VOICE

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer: CLEAR THE WAY!

THIRD VOICE

With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey.

ALL

Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

10

ŏ

Arranged.

SLEEP

ROBERT COLLYER

ROBERT COLLYER (1823—) was born in England. His father and mother were very poor, and the only schooling he had was between his fourth and his eighth year. He learned the blacksmith's trade, but began to preach when he was a young man. He came to America, where he is well known and greatly beloved as the pastor of a church in New York City.

There seems to be some such blessing for the spirit in sleep, then, as there is for the body; not alone fresh fuel, but a purer flame. And we may presume such boons as these are hidden away in every life as it steals silently through the night; and when deep sleep falleth on men, God openeth their ears and sealeth their instruction.

In our waking hours we think and feel; in our sleep we become. The poet finds in the morning sweeter imaginations, the thinker profounder principles, the preacher more pregnant arguments, and the very worker at the anvil a more subtle turn of the wrist and the stroke that goes right home.

None of us who sleep well begin the new day where we left the old. Each man in his rest has silently advanced to a new position. He can watch the world from a higher summit, and be aware of a wider sky than that on which the sun set yesterday. His flesh is fresh as that of a little child; he returns toward the days of his youth.

Your sleep is the hidden treasure of your youth to-day, and to-morrow it will be the margin you will have to draw on for your age. Do you think you can racket round into the small hours, snatch a brief repose, and then be just as good as ever to hold and bind? It is not true.

Many a young man sells his birthright in this way and cannot have it back again, though he seek it with many tears. Take your honest eight hours' sleep, if you may: there is life in it and grace. It is one of the good angels which will save you from temptation, give you an even 10 mind, brighten all your powers, and do many things for you which no other power can do.

Good fortune turns greatly on good habits, and this is one of the best. We can go just so far, and then we have to fall back on Nature and on God for new power.

Your true business or professional man is the man who rises well rested, with a cool, clear brain and steady nerve,—the man who can shake off business after business hours, go to sleep like a yearling child, and rise like the sun, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

Abridged.

20

deep sleep, etc. See Job xxxiii. 15. — preg'nant: full of meaning, weighty. — subtle (sut''l): delicately skillful. — margin: extra amount. — birthright: this refers to the Bible story in which Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. See Genesis xxv. 27-34.

HELVELLYN

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. When he was less than two years old he had an illness that left him lame. He was taken to his grandfather's home, in the hope that the country life would do him good, and it was there that he first learned to love the old 5 Scotch ballads and traditions which he afterwards wove into his novels and poems. Scott has often been called "the Great Enchanter," so wonderful was his power of description. He wrote many novels which are known as the Waverley Novels, from the name of the first one of the series. Scott died in 1832.

10 Note. — In the year 1805 a young man lost his way on Mt. Helvellyn, one of the highest mountains in England. Three months afterward his dead body was found, guarded by his dog.

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,

Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and

wide;

15 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling, And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red Tarn was bending, And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,

One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,

When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather

Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,

For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,

The much-loved remains of her master defended,

And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

5



How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber? When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
5 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming; Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming, Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

Striden-edge and Catchedicam': the two spurs of Mt. Helvellyn.—wil'dered: bewildered.

ELIZABETH; OR THE EXILES OF SIBERIA

DONALD G. MITCHELL

Donald G. Mitchell (1822—) is an American author. He has contributed largely to magazines under the name "Ik Marvel." His book "About Old Story Tellers," from which this selection is taken, was written for young people.

Note. — The book of which Mr. Mitchell here tells the story was 5 written by a French woman, Madame Cottin.

Siberia is a country of great wastes, where snows lie fearfully deep in winter, and winds howl across the bleak, vast levels, and wolves abound. To this pitiless country the emperor of Russia was wont to send prisoners of state 10 in close exile.

Elizabeth was the daughter of such a prisoner, who, with his wife, lived in a lonely habitation in the midst of this dreary region.

She grows up in this desolate solitude, knowing only 15 those tender parents and their gnawing grief. She knows nothing of their crime, or exile, or judge, or real name. But as she ripens into girlhood the parents cannot withhold their confidence, and she comes to know of their old home on the Polish plains.

From this time forth the loving daughter has but one controlling thought, and that is how she may restore these sorrowing parents to their home and to the world.

It is a child's purpose; and opposed to it is the purpose

of the Autocrat of all the Russias. But courage and persistence are noble things, and they win more triumphs than you could believe. They will win them over school lessons, and bad habits, and bad temper, just as surely as 5 they will win them in the battles of the world.

How could this frail creature set about the undoing of an imperial edict? Over and over she pondered in the solemn quietude of those wintry Siberian nights, upon all the ways that might avail to gain her purpose.

At last she formed the resolve—and a very bold one it was—to make the journey on foot from the place of their exile to the Russian capital; never doubting, in the fullness of her faith, that if she could once gain a hearing from the emperor she could win his favor and put an end to her father's exile. Ah! what could she know of the bitterness of royal hate, or of that weary march of over two thousand miles across all the breadth of Russia?

She had not the courage to tell of this resolution to her parents; but kept it ever uppermost in her thoughts as 20 months and years rolled on.

One friend she made her confidant; this was the son of the governor of Tobolsk, who, in his hunting expeditions, had come unawares upon her father's cabin and thereafter repeated twice or thrice his visit.

The young hunter could not aid her; for intercourse with the exiled family was forbidden, and he had already been summoned away and ordered to regions unknown.

At last, after years of waiting, — Elizabeth being now eighteen, — an old priest came that way who was journeying to the west. It seemed her golden opportunity. She declared now, for the first time, her purpose to her parents. They expostulated and reasoned with her. The blong way was a drear one; monarchs were remorseless; they had grown old in exile and could bear it to the end.

But the tender girl was unshaken and steadfast. She bade them a tearful adieu, and with the old priest by her side, turned her steps toward the Russian capital.

10

Before the journey was half done the old priest sickened and died — she nursing him and closing his eyes for his last sleep — in a cabin by the way.

Still she had no thought of turning back, but wearily and painfully pressed on. It will make your hearts ache 15 to read the story of her toil, of her bleeding feet, of her encounters with rude plunderers, her struggles with storm and snow.

There were great stretches of silent forest; there were broad rivers to cross; there were gloomy ravines to pass 20 through. Her strength was failing. She had been robbed of her money, and the winter was coming on. There was no messenger or mail to tell her of the dear ones she had left behind in the little cabin. But, through all, her courage never once failed; and at last it rejoiced her heart to 25 see in the blazing sunlight, on the edge of the Muscovite plains, the great, shining domes of the palace of Moscow.

Here she was a stranger in a great city. The wilderness of the streets was full of more terrors and more dangers for her than the wilderness of the vast forests she had crossed in safety. Her very frailty, however, with her earnestness and her appealing look, won upon passers-by. Wellwishers befriended her, and heard her story with amazement. And her story spread, and made other wellwishers aid, until at last she came to the feet of the emperor. They knew — all of them — the tale she had to tell; and the eyes of all pleaded so strongly that her request was granted and the father set free.

Of course the story glides on very pleasantly after this. She has a government coach to carry her back over that long stretch of foot travel. She finds her parents yet alive.

15 She somehow has encountered that stray son of the governor of Tobolsk; and I believe they were married, and all lived happily ever after.

The book of which I have given you the story was printed in the time of the first Napoleon (1806), and had 20 an immense success. There is hardly a language of Europe in which it is not to be found now.

It is a good story. What devotion!—so rare, so true, so tender! Read it for this, if for nothing else, and cherish the memory in your young hearts.

Abridged.

Autocrat of all the Russias: the czar, who rules with absolute authority.—
Tobolsk': a government of western Siberia.— Mus'covite: Russian. The
name of ancient Russia was Muscovy.

THE DAWN OF PEACE

JOHN RUSKIN

John Ruskin (1819–1900) was an English author and artist. To defend the painter, Turner, from his critics, Ruskin wrote his first great book, "Modern Painters." He was greatly interested in social progress.

- Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet gray:
 They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that kept the gates 5
 of day;
- Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets be free,
- The morning watch is past—the watch of evening shall not be.
- Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust!
- A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust.
- Nay, bend aback the lance's point and break the helmet 10 bar;
- A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of war.
- Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase —
- They come! How fair their feet they come that publish peace!

- Yea, victory! fair victory! our enemies' and ours!
- And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.
- Ah, still depressed and dim with dew; but yet a little while,
- And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile;
- 5 And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest;
 - Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the nest.
 - For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of rest,
 - And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his breast,—
 - Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness shall be,
- 10 And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in the sea!

how fair their feet: see Paul's Epistle to the Romans x. 15. — Arcady: Arcadia, which was a country famous for the simple happiness of its people, but overrun with wild beasts. — Dragon: it was formerly supposed that the ocean was full of dragons.

A-HUNTING OF THE DEER

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829-1900) was an American author. He had a keen, wholesome sense of humor, a sympathetic nature, and much literary taste. Among his entertaining books are "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-Log Studies."

Early one August morning a doe was feeding on Basin 5 Mountain.

The sole companion of the doe was her only child, a charming little fawn, whose brown coat was just beginning to be mottled with beautiful spots.

The buck, its father, had been that night on a long 10 tramp across the mountain to Clear Pond, and had not yet returned. He went to feed on the lily pads there.

The doe was daintily cropping tender leaves and turn ing from time to time to regard her offspring. The fawn had taken his morning meal and now lay curled up on a 15 bed of moss.

If the mother stepped a pace or two farther away in feeding, the fawn made a half movement, as if to rise and follow her. If, in alarm, he uttered a plaintive cry, she bounded to him at once.

20

It was a pretty picture, — maternal love on the one part, and happy trust on the other.

The doe lifted her head with a quick motion. Had she heard something? Probably it was only the south wind

in the balsams. There was silence all about in the forest. With an affectionate glance at her fawn she continued picking up her breakfast.

But suddenly she started, head erect, eyes dilated, a stremor in her limbs. She turned her head to the south; she listened intently.

There was a sound, a distinct, prolonged note, pervading the woods. It was repeated. The doe had no doubt now. It was the baying of a hound — far off, at the foot of the mountain.

Time enough to fly; time enough to put miles between her and the hound before he should come upon her fresh trail; yes, time enough. But there was the fawn.

The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this 15 time. The mother bounded away a few paces. The fawn started up with an anxious bleat. The doe turned; she came back; she could n't leave it.

She walked away toward the west, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, 20 over the fallen logs and through the rasping bushes. The doe bounded in advance and waited. The fawn scrambled after her, slipping and tumbling along, and whining a good deal because its mother kept always moving away from it.

Whenever the fawn caught up, he was quite content to frisk about. He wanted more breakfast, for one thing; and his mother would n't stand still. She moved on



continually; and his weak legs were tangled in the roots of the narrow deer path.

Suddenly came a sound that threw the doe into a panic of terror,—a short, sharp yelp, followed by a prolonged 5 howl, caught up and reëchoed by other bayings along the mountain side. The danger was certain now; it was near. She could not crawl on in this way; the dogs would soon be upon them. She turned again for flight. The fawn, scrambling after her, tumbled over, and 10 bleated piteously. Flight with the fawn was impossible.

The doe returned and stood by it, head erect and nostrils distended. Perhaps she was thinking. The fawn lay down contentedly, and the doe licked him for a moment. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds.

She descended the slope of the mountain until she reached the more open forest of hard wood. She was going due east, when she turned away toward the north, 20 and kept on at a good pace.

In five minutes more she heard the sharp yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthed howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned, and the fawn was safe.

For the moment fear left her, and she bounded on with the exaltation of triumph. For a quarter of an hour she went on at a slapping pace, clearing the bushes with bound after bound, flying over the fallen logs, pausing neither for brook nor ravine. The baying of the hounds grew fainter behind.

After running at high speed perhaps half a mile farther, it occurred to her that it would be safe now to turn 5 to the west, and, by a wide circuit, seek her fawn. But at the moment she heard a sound that chilled her heart. It was the cry of a hound to the west of her. There was nothing to do but to keep on, and on she went, with the noise of the pack behind her.

In five minutes more she had passed into a hillside clearing. She heard a tinkle of bells. Below her, down the mountain slope were other clearings broken by patches of woods. A mile or two down lay the valley and the farmhouses. That way also her enemies were. Not a 15 merciful heart in all that lovely valley. She hesitated; it was only for an instant.

She must cross the Slide Brook valley, if possible, and gain the mountain opposite. She bounded on; she stopped. What was that? From the valley ahead came the cry of 20 a searching hound. Every way was closed but one, and that led straight down the mountain to the cluster of houses. The hunted doe went down "the open," clearing the fences, flying along the stony path.

As she approached Slide Brook, she saw a boy standing 25 by a tree with a raised rifle. The dogs were not in sight, but she could hear them coming down the hill. There

was no time for hesitation. With a tremendous burst of speed she cleared the stream, and as she touched the bank heard the "ping" of a rifle bullet in the air above her. The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing.

5 In a moment more she leaped into the traveled road. Women and children ran to the doors and windows; men snatched their rifles. There were twenty people who were just going to shoot her, when the doe leaped the road fence, and went away across a marsh toward the 10 foothills.

By this time the dogs, panting and lolling out their tongues, came swinging along, keeping the trail, like stupids, and consequently losing ground when the deer doubled. But when the doe had got into the timber, she heard the savage brutes howling across the meadow. (It is well enough, perhaps, to say that nobody offered to shoot the dogs.)

The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone, but the fearful pace at which she had been going told on her.

Her legs trembled, and her heart beat like a trip hammer. She slowed her speed, but still fled up the right bank of the stream. The dogs were gaining again, and she crossed the broad, deep brook. The fording of the river threw the hounds off for a time. She used the little respite to push on until the baying was faint in her ears.

Late in the afternoon she staggered down the shoulder of Bartlett, and stood upon the shore of the lake. If she could put that piece of water between her and her pursuers, she would be safe. Had she strength to swim it?

At her first step into the water she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake; two men were in it. One was rowing; the other had a 5 gun in his hand. What should she do? With only a moment's hesitation she plunged into the lake. Her tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly.

The doe saw the boat nearing her. She turned to the shore whence she came; the dogs were lapping the water 10 and howling there. She turned again to the center of the lake. The brave, pretty creature was quite exhausted now. In a moment more the boat was on her and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her.

"Knock her on the head with that paddle!" he shouted 15 to the gentleman in the stern. The gentleman was a gentleman, with a kind face. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then the doe turned her head and looked at him with her great appealing eyes.

"I can't do it! I can't do it!" and he dropped the 20 paddle. "Oh, let her go!"

But the guide slung the deer round, whipped out his hunting knife, and made a pass that severed her jugular.

And the gentleman ate that night of the venison.

011100111

Abridged.

Bartlett: a mountain in the Adirondacks. — ju'gular: one of the large veins which return the blood from the head to the heart.

SEPTEMBER

While summer days grew brown and old, A wizard delved in mines of gold;
No idler he—by night, by day,
He smiled and sang and worked away.
And, scorning thrift, with lavish hand
He cast his gold across the land.

Still smiling, o'er the trees he wound Long russet scarfs with crimson bound; He drew a veil of purple haze O'er distant hills where cattle graze; He bathed the sun in amber mist, And steeped the sky in amethyst.

Low in the east, for crowning boon, He hung the golden harvest moon; And donned his coat of frosty white As twilight deepened into night. Then to the roll call of the year September answered, "I am here!"

AUTUMN COLORS

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813–1887) was a popular American preacher and writer. He was noted for his active interest in reform work.

. . . This is one of the mysterious and bewitching days. Surely it is not that the summer is ended, the green year passing, the winter coming, that gives such 5 peculiar influence to the days. Something has been poured out into the air from the land of magic. It has been steeped with atmospheric wine, and we drink by breathing a subtile and invigorating elixir.

The blue is tender and pale. The skies are full of 10 clouds: this one opening, shutting, melting, re-forming, and so through all the changes; this one making haste, as if called to some distant battle, and fiercely driving on in heat to the rendezvous; or if milder thoughts prevail, then they seem like mighty flocks of fleecy 15 birds, gathered from the summer hatching-haunts of the north, and borne southward by the annual impulse of migration.

But such is the depth, the beauty, and the mystic influence of the heavens, that to look up long into its cope affects 20 you with giddiness, such as men feel who look down from great heights. And then, too, the color of all things is changing, — not changed, but only hinting color.

We must except the maple trees. Some of them are changed to a straw color. Yonder is one very green except one branch, which stretches up from the bottom nearly to the top, and that is of vivid scarlet. It looks 5 like a tree with a great bouquet of flowers in its bosom.

But along the fences are crimson leaves; the autumn yellows predominate. The corn is cut up, and stands out on the hills around here in shocks to dry. The emerald grass was never more tender in its green.

The orchard is waiting to be relieved of its burden. All summer long it has eased itself by throwing down a part of its fruits, worm-picked or storm-gathered; and now those apples that remain, full-grown, plump, ripe, look wistfully at you, as if asking your care for winter.

And the birds,—how they do behave! What is the matter with them? No one of them frolics. They have lost all their gamesome ways. They collect in mown fields for seeds, they hover about orchards, exchanging remarks among themselves in low tones, like well-bred people, but none of them boisterous, frisky, or songful.

Bluebirds, robins, and such sorts, abound; sometimes scores flock about, then trios and fours. It is plain that they are done with summer. They have no nests now. Their children are all grown up. The birds all belong to the old folks' party.

Abridged.

sub'tile: delicate. Distinguish between this and subtle.—elix'ir: an invigorating drink.—cope: anything extended over the head, as a roof or the sky.

DYING IN HARNESS

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in Ireland in 1844. His life was full of incident and interest. In 1869 he came to America and became known as a writer and editor. He died in Massachusetts in 1890.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts and crushed by the heavy 5
load;

Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over — no more labor for him; See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;

See on the friendly stones now peacefully rests the head— 10 Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness — died in the shafts and straps —

15

Fell, and the burden killed him: one of the day's mishaps—

One of the passing wonders marking the city road — A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile, What is the symbol? Only death? why should we cease to smile

At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy street

That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

5 What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?

Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?

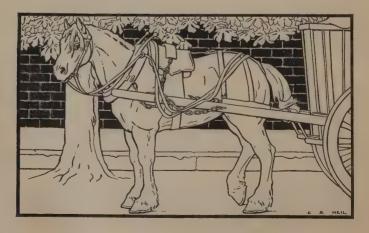
The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men,

That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and

sleep—and then—

Then for the prize! — A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread —

10 The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness — dead.



IN THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD

EDWARD CLODD

EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S. (1840-), is an English writer and scientist.

A myth is a fanciful story founded on something real. If Jack Frost and Santa Claus seem like persons to the mind of a little child, we can readily see how natural it is for savages to think that flame is a living thing, that 5 the echoes which the hills throw back come from the dwarfs who dwell among them, and that the thunder is the rolling of heavenly chariot wheels.

Long, long ago, when men knew little about this world of ours, they tried to explain what they saw by these 10 stories. There were myths about the sun and moon, the dawn, the rain, the earthquake, and the eclipse.

There is something so weird and gloomy in eclipses of the sun and moon that we can readily understand how through all the world they have been looked upon as the 15 direct work of some dreadful power.

The Chinese imagine them to be caused by great dragons trying to devour the sun and moon, and beat drums and brass kettles to make the monsters give up their prey. To this day in India the native beats his gong as the 20 moon passes across the sun's face; and it is not so very long ago that in Europe both eclipses and rushing comets were thought to show that troubles were near.

Fear is the daughter of Ignorance, and departs when knowledge enlightens us as to the cause of things.

We know that an eclipse (which comes from Greek words meaning to leave out or forsake) is caused by the 5 moon passing in such a line between the earth and the sun as to cause his light to be in part or altogether hidden,—left out for a short time,—or by the earth so passing between the sun and moon as to throw its shadow upon the moon, and partly or wholly hide her light. Our 10 fear would arise if eclipses did not happen at the very moment when astronomers have calculated them to occur.

There is a curious Asian myth about the stars, which tells that the sun and moon are both women. The stars are the moon's children, and the sun once had as many.

Fearing that mankind could not bear so much light, each agreed to devour her children. The moon hid hers away; but the sun kept her word, which no sooner had she done than the moon brought her children from their hiding place. When the sun saw them, she was filled with rage and chased the moon to kill her, and the chase has lasted ever since. Sometimes the sun comes near enough to bite the moon, and that is an eclipse.

The names still in use for certain clusters of stars and single stars were given long ago, when the stars were 25 thought to be living creatures. They were said to be men who had once lived here, or to be mighty hunters, or groups of young men and maidens dancing. There are beautiful

myths about that bright band across the sky known as the "milky way." The rainbow was said to be a bridge along which the souls of the good were led to Paradise.

The clouds were cows driven by the children of the morning to their pasture in the blue fields of heaven; the tides 5 were the beating of the ocean's heart; the earthquake was caused by the earth tortoise moving underneath; the lightning was the forked tongue of the storm demon, the thunder was his roar; volcanoes were the dwelling places of angry demons, who threw up red-hot stones from them.

Man's sense of the wonderful is so strong that a belief in giants and pygmies and fairies was as easy to him as it has been hard to remove. The bones of huge beasts now extinct were said to have belonged to giants whose footprints were left in those hollows in stones which we know 15 to be waterworn.

There were all kinds of other myths, such as those accounting for the bear's stumpy tail, the robin's red breast, and the aspen's quivering leaf. Out of myths there grew the nursery stories and fairy tales which 20 children never tire of hearing.

As the world grew wiser the myths faded away, for science has even more wonderful stories to tell to us. The facts of science are not, as some think, dry and lifeless. They are living things, filling with sweetest poetry 25 the ear that listens to them, and with fadeless harmony of colors the eye that looks upon them.

Abridged.

RIP VAN WINKLE-I

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving (1783-1859) was almost the first American author who gained a wide reputation. Among his works are "The Sketch Book," a "Life of Columbus," and a humorous history of New York.

About the Catskill Mountains strange tales have been 5 told. The Indians said that the spirits of storm and sunshine lived among those great hills. The mother of these spirits, they said, dwelt on the highest peak of all, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new 10 moons in the skies and cut up the old ones into stars.

In later times the Dutch settlers of the valley had their legends. It was said that Hendrik Hudson, the brave Hudson who first discovered the mountains and the river, came back to them once in twenty years, with all his crew. He and his men had been seen in their old Dutch dresses, playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountains, and the sound of the balls had been heard like distant peals of thunder.

Washington Irving loved these old fables of the Cats-20 kills; he has repeated, in what he calls his "Sketch Book," the following story.

At the foot of these fairy mountains is a little village founded by some of the Dutch colonists. There were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses, there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

Rip Van Winkle was one of those happy mortals who take the world easy; but his wife kept dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing upon his family.

10

Rip's dog Wolf was as much henpecked as his master. The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail curled between his legs, he sneaked about casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or a ladle he would fly to 15 the door.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle. His only way of escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat him-20 self at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf.

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!"

Wolf would wag his tail and look wistfully in his master's face.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine day, Rip scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll that crowned the brow of a precipice.

He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson far, far below him. On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen.

For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. The mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of Dame Van Winkle. As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

He looked round, but could see nothing except a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip looked in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back.

He was a stout, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist,

several pairs of breeches, with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.

Rip complied, and they clambered up a narrow gully, 5 the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Rip every now and



then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine.

Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow; on a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking 10 personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts. One had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes. The face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and 15 was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a

little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors.

There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance. He wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings and high-heeled shoes. What seemed odd to Rip was that though these folks were amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached, the players stared at him with such fixed gaze that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together.

His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in silence and then returned to their game.

Rip ventured, when no eye was upon him, to taste the beverage. He was a thirsty soul and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. At length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes,—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were

hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft.

"Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the strange man with the keg of liquor—the flagon. "Oh, that flagon, that wicked flagon! What 5 excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. Wolf, too, had disappeared. 10 Rip whistled after him and shouted his name, but in vain.

As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip.

He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, 15 sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice.

RIP VAN WINKLE-II

What was to be done? He grieved to give up his dog, he dreaded to meet his wife, but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the 20 rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew. They all stared at him and

stroked their chins. This gesture induced Rip to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the village. A troop of strange 5 children ran at his heels, hooting after him. The dogs, too, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; there were rows of houses which he had never seen before. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces were at the windows—everything was strange.

Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

He found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me."

He entered the house; it was empty. He called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence. He now hastened to his old resort, the village inn, but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in 25 its place. Over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole,



with something on top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag of stars and stripes. All this was strange. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, but the red coat was changed 5 for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door.

10 A lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, bustled up to him and inquired on which side he voted.

A knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd and demanded what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God 20 bless him!"

Here a shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory! a tory! a spy! hustle him! away with him!"

The self-important man in the cocked hat restored order and demanded again of the unknown what he came there 25 for, and whom he was seeking.

Rip bethought himself a moment and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years!"

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army at the beginning of the 5 war. He never came back again."

"Where's the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these changes and of matters which he could not understand: war, Congress. 10 He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against 15 the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. At this moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-20 bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry.

"Hush, Rip," cried she, "the old man won't hurt you."

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but

it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then 5 but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask. He put it with a faltering voice.

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, died but a short time since."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. 10 caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father," cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

15 All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been

20 these twenty long years?" Adapted.

Catskill Mountains: a range of mountains in eastern New York. -Hendrik Hudson: an Englishman in the employ of Holland, who discovered the Hudson River. — dinning: annoying with constant clamor. — jerkin: a jacket. - doublet: a close-fitting garment for a man, reaching from his neck to the waist. - hanger: a strap by which a sword was hung, or the sword itself. - flag'on: a leather or stoneware vessel, larger than a bottle and used for carrying liquor. - fowling piece: a light gun. - firelock: an old-fashioned gun.

CARCASSONNE

GUSTAVE NADAUD

[Translated by John R. Thompson]

GUSTAVE NADAUD (1820-1893) was a French musician and writer of songs.

JOHN R. THOMPSON (1823-1873) was a Southern journalist and poet.

"I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain:
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
My prayers will ne'er fulfillment know,—
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne.

5

10

15

20

"You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,—
And, to return, as many more.
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store:
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

"They tell me every day is there
No more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining jewels and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop, and two generals:
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne.

"The curé's right; he says that we Are ever wayward, weak, and blind; He tells us in his homily Ambition ruins all mankind.

Yet could I there two days have spent, While still the autumn sweetly shone, Ah me! I might have died content When I had looked on Carcassonne, When I had looked on Carcassonne.

"Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend;
One sometimes sees beyond his reach,
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,

And I have not seen Carcassonne, And I have not seen Carcassonne."

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive me!) half way on
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

5

10

Carcassonne (kär-kå-son'): a manufacturing city in France.—league: a distance varying in different countries, between two and four miles.—vintage: the product of the vine for one season.—Babylon: a famous city of ancient times. Among its beauties were the "hanging gardens" or terraces which King Nebuchadnezzar built for his queen. The walls of Babylon were of wonderful height and thickness.—curé (ku-rå'): parson.—hom'ily: sermon.—Aignan (ån-yŏn').—Narbonne': a very old French city, thirty-five miles from Carcassonne.—Perpignan (pĕr-pēn-yŏn'): a French town, forty miles from Narbonne.—Limoux (lē-mōō'): a town in France, thirteen miles from Carcassonne.



AT THE NORTH POLE

(From "Star-Land")

ROBERT STAWELL BALL

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL is a distinguished English scientist. He is professor of astronomy at the University of Cambridge.

It is a privilege of astronomers to be able to predict events that will happen in thousands of years to come, and to describe things accurately though they never saw them, and though nobody else has ever seen them either. Explorers have never yet got to the North Pole, but we are able to tell them much of what they could see there. We may leave it to Jules Verne to describe how the journey is to be made, and how the party are to be kept alive at the North Pole. I shall give a picture of the changes of the seasons and the appearance of the stars, as seen from there.

We shall, therefore, prepare to make observations from that particular spot on this earth,—the North Pole. I suppose that eternal ice and snow abide there. I don't think it would be a very pleasant residence. However, we shall arrange to arrive on Midsummer Day, prepared to make a year's sojourn. The first question to be settled to is the erection of the hut. In a cold country it is important to give the right aspect, and we are in the habit of

saying that a southerly aspect is the best and warmest, while the north and east are suggestive only of chills and discomfort. But what is a southerly aspect at the North Pole, or, rather, what is not a southerly aspect? Whichever way we look from the North Pole we are facing due south. There is no such thing as east or west; every way is the southward way. This is truly an odd part of the earth. The only other locality at all resembling it is the South Pole, from which all directions are north.

The sun would be moving all through the day in a 10 fashion utterly unlike its behavior in our latitudes. There would, of course, be no such thing as rising and setting. The sun would, indeed, at first seem neither to go any nearer to the horizon nor to rise any higher above it, but would simply go round and round in the sky. Then it 15 would gradually get lower and lower, moving round day after day in a sort of spiral, until at last it would get down so low that it would just graze the horizon, right round which it would circulate till half the sun was below, and then until the whole disk had disappeared. Even 20 though the sun had now vanished, a twilight glow would for some time be continuous. It would seem to come from a source moving round and round below the horizon, then gradually the light would become fainter and fainter, until at last the winter of utter and continuous blackness would 25 set in. The first indications of the return of spring would be detected in a feeble glow near the horizon, which

would seem to move round and round day after day. Then this glow would pass into a continuous dawn, gradually increasing until the sun's edge crept into visibility, and the great globe would at last begin to climb the heavens by its continual spiral until midsummer was reached, when the change would go on again as before.

Jules Verne (zhül věrn): a French author whose books of improbable adventures are very diverting.

A BIRD'S NEST

JAMES HURDIS

JAMES HURDIS (1763-1801) was an English poet.

It wins my admiration

To view the structure of that little work,

A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without;

No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut;

No nail to fix; no bodkin to insert;

No glue to join;—his little beak was all;

And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,

With every implement and means of art,

And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,

Could make me such another?

nice: accurate, skillful. — to boot: in addition.

THOUGHTS ON GARDENING

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Note. — These selections are taken from "My Summer in a Garden."

Ι

I was hoeing my corn this morning for the first time,—
it is not well usually to hoe corn until about the 18th of
May,—when Polly came out to look at the Lima beans.
She seemed to think the poles had come up beautifully.
I thought they did look well; they are a fine set of poles,
large and well grown, and stand straight.

Polly noticed that the beans had not themselves come up in any proper sense, but that the dirt had got off from them, leaving them uncovered. She thought it would be to well to sprinkle a slight layer of dirt over them; and I indulgently consented. It occurred to me, when she had gone, that beans always come up that way, — wrong end first; and that what they wanted was light, and not dirt.

II

"Eternal gardening is the price of liberty" is a motto 15 that I should put over the gateway of my garden, if I had a gate. And yet it is not wholly true; for there is no liberty in gardening. The man who undertakes a garden has planted a seed that will keep him awake nights, drive

rest from his bones, and sleep from his pillow. Hardly is the garden planted when he must begin to hoe it. The weeds have sprung up all over it in a night. They shine and wave in redundant life. And the weeds are not all. 5 I awake in the morning (and a thriving garden will wake a person up two hours before he ought to be out of bed) and think of the tomato plants, —the leaves like fine lace work, owing to black bugs that skip around and can't be caught. Somebody ought to get up before the dew is off 10 and sprinkle soot on the leaves. I wonder if it is I. Soot is so much blacker than the bugs that they are disgusted and go away. You can't get up too early if you have a garden. I think that, on the whole, it would be best to sit up all night and sleep daytimes. Things appear to go 15 on in the night in the garden uncommonly. It would be less trouble to stay up than it is to get up so early.

III

I had begun to nurse a good deal of pride in presiding over a table whereon was the fruit of my honest industry. I thought I had something to do with those vegetables.

20 But when I saw Polly seated at her side of the table, presiding over the new and susceptible vegetables, flanked by the squash and the beans, and smiling upon the green corn and the new potatoes, as cool as the cucumbers which lay sliced in ice before her, and when she began to dispense the fresh dishes, I saw at once that the day of my

destiny was over. You would have thought that she owned all the vegetables, and had raised them all from their earliest years. Such quiet, vegetable airs! Such gracious appropriation! At length I said:

"Polly, do you know who planted that squash, or those 5 squashes?"

"James, I suppose."

"Well, yes; perhaps James did plant them to a certain extent. But who hoed them?"

10

"We did."

"We did!" I said in the most sarcastic manner. "And I suppose we put on the sackcloth and ashes when the striped bug came at four o'clock A.M., and we watched the tender leaves, and watered night and morning the feeble plants. I tell you, Polly," said I, uncorking the vinegar, "there is not a pea here that does not represent a drop of moisture wrung from my brow, nor a beet that does not stand for a back-ache, nor a squash that has not caused me untold anxiety; and I did hope—but I will say no more."

Observation. — In this sort of family discussion, "I will say no more" is the most effective thing you can close up with.

Abridged.

Eternal gardening is the price of liberty: the original quotation is, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Its authorship is unknown.

TO THE DANDELION

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes belong to the group known as the New England poets. Lowell stands high among them. He was a great critic as well as a great poet, and he was deeply interested in American politics. During the Mexican War, and again during the Civil War, he wrote a series of poems called "The Biglow Papers," which had undoubted influence in political questions. Lowell was at one time United States minister to Spain, and later to England. As American representative abroad he was popular for his tact and courtesy and ready address. He died in 1891.

James Russell Lowell's name is one long to be remembered in American literature. One of his best known poems is "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,

15

20

Which not the rich earth's ample round May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,

And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from heaven, which he could bring

Fresh every day to my untainted ears

When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,

When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,

Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,

Did we but pay the love we owe,

And with a child's undoubting wisdom look

On all these living pages of God's book.

Abridged.

buccaneers: pirates. — Eldora'do: a name given by the Spanish to an imaginary country in South America, said to abound in gold and jewels. — peers: equals; those of the same rank. — prod'igal: one who spends his money too freely.



THE WARNING

MARY JOHNSTON

MISS MARY JOHNSTON is a young author from Virginia, whose novels show remarkable descriptive and dramatic ability.

Note. — This selection is taken from "To Have and To Hold," a story of early colonial life in Virginia. Captain Percy has escaped from the 5 Indians, and is on his way back to Jamestown to warn the colony of an attack that the savages are planning.

At last the dawn came and I could press on more rapidly. For two days and two nights I had not slept; for a day and a night I had not tasted food. As the sun 10 climbed the heavens, a thousand black spots, like summer gnats, danced between his face and my weary eyes. The forest laid stumbling-blocks before me, and drove me back, and made me wind in and out when I would have had my path straighter than an arrow. When the ground allowed 15 I ran; when I must break my way, panting, through undergrowth so dense and stubborn that it seemed some enchanted thicket, where each twig snapped but to be on the instant stiff in place again, I broke it with what patience I might; when I must turn aside for this or that 20 obstacle I made the detour, though my heart cried out at the necessity. Once I saw reason to believe that two or more Indians were upon my trail, and lost time in outwitting them; and once I must go a mile out of my way to avoid an Indian village.

As the day wore on I began to go as in a dream. It had come to seem the gigantic wood of some fantastic tale through which I was traveling. The fallen trees ranged themselves into an abatis hard to surmount; the thickets withstood one like iron; the streamlets were like rivers, 5 the marshes leagues wide, the tree tops miles away. Little things—twisted roots, trailing vines, dead and rotten wood—made me stumble. A wind was blowing that had blown just so since time began, and the forest was filled with the sound of the sea.

Afternoon came and the shadows began to lengthen. They were lines of black paint split in a thousand places and stealing swiftly and surely across the brightness of the land. Torn and bleeding and breathless, I hastened on; for it was drawing toward night, and I should have been 15 at Jamestown hours before. My head pained me, and as I ran I saw men and women stealing in and out among the trees before me: Pocahontas with her wistful eyes and braided hair, and finger on her lips; Nautauquas, Dale, the knight-marshal, and Argall with his fierce, unscrupulous face; my cousin, George Percy, and my mother with her stately figure, her embroidery in her hands. I knew that they were but phantoms of my brain, but their presence confused and troubled me.

The shadows ran together and the sunshine died out of 25 the forest. Stumbling on I saw through the thinning trees a long gleam of red, and thought it was blood, but

presently knew that it was the river, crimson from the sunset. A minute more and I stood upon the shore of the mighty stream, between the two brightnesses of flood and heavens. There was a silver crescent in the sky with one white star above it, and fair in sight, down the James, with lights springing up through the twilight, was the town, — the English town that we had built and named for our King, and had held in the teeth of Spain, in the teeth of the wilderness and its terrors. It was not a mile away, — a little longer and I could rest with my tidings told.

The torches were lighted, and the folk were indoors, for the night was cold. One or two figures that I met or passed would have accosted me, not knowing who I was, but I brushed by them and hastened on.

The Governor's door was open, and in the hall serving men were moving to and fro. I passed them without a word and went on to the Governor's great room. The door was ajar, and I pushed it open and stood for a min-20 ute upon the threshold, unobserved by the occupants of the room.

After the darkness outside the lights dazzled me; the room, too, seemed crowded with men, though when I counted them there were not so many, after all. Supper had been put upon the table, but they were not eating. Before the fire, his head thoughtfully bent, and his fingers

tapping against the arm of his chair, sat the Governor.
... And Rolfe was there, walking up and down with hasty steps, and a flushed and haggard face. His suit of buff was torn and stained, and his great-boots were spattered with mud.

The Governor let his fingers rest upon the arm of his chair, and raised his head.



"He is dead, Master Rolfe," he said. "There can be no other conclusion. We mourn with you, sir." . . .

I came forward to the table, and leaned my weight 10 upon it, for all the waves of the sea were roaring in my ears, and the lights were going up and down.

"Are you man or spirit?" cried Rolfe through white lips. "Are you Ralph Percy?"

"Yes, I am Percy," I said. "I have not well understood what quest you would go upon, Rolfe, but you cannot go to-night. And those parties that Your Honor talked of, that have gone with Indians to guide them to look for some lost person, — I think that you will never see them again."

With an effort I drew myself erect, and standing so told my tidings, quietly and with circumstance, so as to leave no room for doubt as to their verity or as to the sanity of him who brought them. They listened, as the warder had listened, with shaking limbs and gasping breath; for this was the fall and wiping out of a people of which I brought warning.

When all was told, and they stood there before me,
white and shaken, seeking in their minds the thing to do
or say first, I thought to ask a question myself; but before
my tongue could frame it, the roaring of the sea became
so loud that I could hear naught else, and the lights all
ran together in a wheel of fire. Then in a moment all
sounds ceased, and to the lights succeeded the blackness
of outer darkness.

detour: a roundabout way. —ab'atis: a defense formed by felled trees. —Pocahon'tas: an Indian girl who was of great assistance to the early settlers in Virginia. —Nautau'quas: a chief of the Powhatans and brother of Pocahontas. —Rolfe: an English gentleman who married Pocahontas. She died in England previous to the opening of this story. —buff: yellow leather.

WALTER RALEIGH

DONALD G. MITCHELL

There are only too many at the king's elbow who are jealous of the grave and courtly gentleman, now just turned of fifty, who has packed into those years so much of high adventure; who has written brave poems; who has fought gallantly and on many fields; who has voyaged widely in 5 southern and western seas: who was a favorite of the great queen; and whose fine speech, and lordly bearing, and princely dress made him envied everywhere and hated by less successful courtiers. Possibly, too, Raleigh had made unsafe speeches about the chances of other succession 10 to the throne. Surely he who wore his heart upon his , sleeve, and loved brave deeds, could have no admiration for the poltroon of a king who had gone a-hunting when the stains upon the scaffold on which his mother suffered were hardly dry. 15

So it happened that Sir Walter Raleigh was accused of conspiring for the dethronement of the new king and was brought to trial. The street people jeered at him as he passed, for he was not popular; he had borne himself so proudly with his exploits, and gold, and his eagle eye. But 20 he made so noble a defense,—so full, so clear, so eloquent, so impassioned,—that the same street people cheered him as he passed out of court—but not to freedom. The

sentence was death; the king, however, feared to put it to immediate execution. Raleigh went to the Tower, where for thirteen years he lay a prisoner.

At the end of that time, the king's exchequer being low 5 (as it nearly always was), and there being rumors afloat of possible gold findings in Guiana, the old knight, now in his sixty-seventh year, felt the spirit of adventure stirred in him by the west wind that crept through the gratings of his prison, bringing tropical odors; and he volunteered to equip a fleet in company with friends, and with the king's permission to go in quest of mines, to which he believed, or professed to believe, he had the clew. The permission was reluctantly granted; and poor Lady Raleigh sold her estate as well as their beloved country home, to vest in the new enterprise.

But the fates were against it: winds blew the ships astray; tempests beat upon them; mutinies threatened; and in Guiana, at last, there came disastrous fights with the Spaniards. Raleigh's own son is sacrificed, and the crippled squadron sets out homeward, with no gold, and shattered ships, and maddened crews. Storm overtakes them; there is mutiny; there is wreck; only a few forlorn and battered hulks bring back this disheartened knight.

He lands in his old home of Devon, is warned to flee 25 the wrath that will fall upon him in London; but as of old he lifts his gray head proudly and pushes for the capital to meet his accusers. He is seized, imprisoned, and in virtue of his old sentence—the cold-hearted Bacon making the law for it—is brought to the block.

His life seems to me a great Elizabethan epic, with all its fires, its mated couples of rhythmic sentiment, its poetic splendors, its shortened beat and broken pauses and blind turns, and its noble climax in a death that is without shame and full of the largest pathos.

Adapted.

the king: James I of England, son of Mary Queen of Scots.—the great queen: Elizabeth.—the Tower: the Tower of London, where state prisoners were lodged.—Guia'na: a region of South America.—Bacon: a famous English philosopher.

A LOST CHORD

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER (1825–1864) was an English poet whose verse is full of piety and gentle sentiment. She was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, who wrote under the name of Barry Cornwall.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then;

15

But I struck one chord of music, Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,

Like the close of an angel's psalm,

And it lay on my fevered spirit

With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,

Like love overcoming strife;

It seemed the harmonious echo

From our discordant life.

5

10

15

20

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,That one lost chord divine,Which came from the soul of the organAnd entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angelWill speak in that chord again;It may be that only in heavenI shall hear that grand Amen.

THE SURRENDER OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851) was the founder of American romance, and for this reason is often called the American Scott. His stories of the Indians were widely read, though they are far from being accurate studies of Indian character.

Note. — The most popular of Cooper's tales is "The Last of the 5 Mohicans," from which this selection is taken. Fort William Henry is defended by the Scotch veteran, Munro, whose daughters have reached him after a perilous journey. Their escort, Duncan Heyward, has just returned from an interview with General Montcalm, who is besieging the fort. The French officer has asked for a conference with the commandant 10 of the fort.

There was something so commanding in the distress of the old man that Heyward did not dare to venture a syllable of consolation. Munro sat utterly unconscious of the other's presence, his features exposed and working with the anguish of his regrets, while heavy tears fell from his eyes and rolled unheeded from his cheeks to the floor. At length he moved, as if suddenly recovering his recollection; then he arose and, taking a single turn across the room, he approached his companion with an air 20 of military grandeur and demanded:

"Have you not, Major Heyward, some communication that I should hear, from the Marquis de Montcalm?"

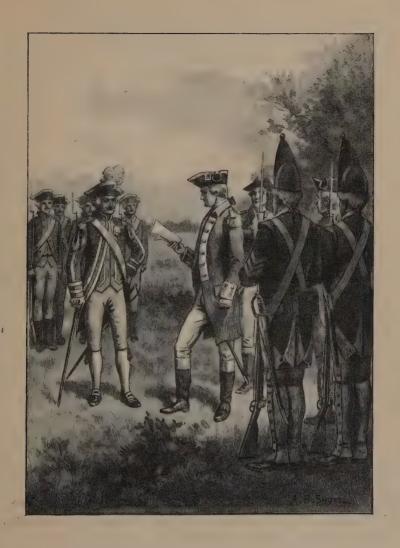
Duncan started, in his turn, and immediately commenced, in an embarrassed voice, the half-forgotten mes- 25 sage. As Munro listened to the detail of Duncan, the

excited feelings of the father gradually gave way before the obligations of his station, and when the other was done he saw before him nothing but the veteran, swelling with the wounded feelings of a soldier.

"You have said enough, Major Heyward!" exclaimed the angry old man; "enough to make a volume of commentary on French civility. Here has this gentleman invited me to a conference, and when I send him a capable substitute, for you're all that, Duncan, he answers me with a riddle. I will meet the Frenchman, and that without fear or delay; promptly, sir, as becomes a servant of my royal master. Go, Major Heyward, and give them a flourish of the music; send out a messenger to let them know who is coming. We will follow with a small guard, for such respect is due to one who holds the honor of his king in keeping."

A very few minutes only were necessary to parade a few files, and to dispatch an orderly with a flag to announce the approach of the commandant of the fort. As soon 20 as the usual ceremonials of a military departure were observed, the veteran and his more youthful companion left the fortress, attended by the escort.

They had proceeded only a hundred yards from the works when the little array which attended the French general to the conference was seen issuing from the hollow way, which formed the bed of a brook that ran between the batteries of the besiegers and the fort. From



the moment that Munro left his own works to appear in front of his enemies, his air had been grand, and his step and countenance highly military. The instant he caught a glimpse of the white plume that waved in the hat of 5 Montcalm his eye lighted, and age no longer appeared to possess any influence over his vast and still muscular person.

If the air of Munro was more commanding and manly, it wanted both the ease and insinuating polish of that of the Frenchman. Neither spoke for a few moments, each regarding the other with curious and interested eyes. Then, as became his superior rank and the nature of the interview, Montcalm broke the silence. After uttering the usual words of greeting, he turned to Duncan and continued, with a smile of recognition, speaking always in French:

"I am rejoiced, sir, that you have given us the pleasure of your company on this occasion. There will be no necessity to employ an ordinary interpreter; for in your hands I feel the same security as if I spoke your language myself. . . . I have solicited this interview from your superior because I believe he will allow himself to be persuaded that he has already done everything which is necessary for the honor of his prince, and will now listen to the admonitions of humanity. I will forever bear testimony that his resistance has been gallant and was continued as long as there was hope."

When this opening was translated to Munro he answered with dignity, but with sufficient courtesy:

"However I may prize such testimony, it will be more valuable when it shall be better merited."...

After a short pause Montcalm said:

"These hills afford us every opportunity of reconnoitering your works, sirs, and I am possibly as well acquainted with their weak condition as you can be yourselves."

"Ask the French general if his glasses can reach to the Hudson," said Munro proudly; "and if he knows when 10 and where to expect the army of Webb."

"Let General Webb be his own interpreter," returned the politic Montcalm, suddenly extending an open letter toward Munro as he spoke; "you will there learn that his movements are not likely to prove embarrassing to 15 my army."

The veteran seized the offered paper without waiting for Duncan to translate the speech. As his eye passed hastily over the words, his countenance changed from its look of military pride to one of deep chagrin; his lip 20 began to quiver; and, suffering the paper to fall from his hand, his head dropped upon his chest, like that of a man whose hopes were withered at a single blow.

Duncan caught the letter from the ground, and without apology for the liberty he took, he read at a glance 25 its cruel purport. Their common superior, so far from encouraging them to resist, advised a speedy surrender, urging in the plainest language, as a reason, the utter impossibility of his sending a single man to their rescue.

"Here is no deception!" said Duncan, examining the billet both inside and out; "this is the signature of Webb."

"The man has betrayed me!" Munro at length bitterly exclaimed; "he has brought dishonor to my door and shame has he heaped heavily on my gray hairs."

"Say not so," cried Duncan; "we are yet masters of the fort and of our honor. Let us sell our lives at such a rate as shall make our enemies believe the purchase too dear."

"Boy, I thank thee," exclaimed the old man, rousing himself from his stupor; "you have, for once, reminded Munro of his duty. We will go back and dig our graves behind those ramparts."

"Gentlemen," said Montcalm, advancing toward them a step, in generous interest, "listen to my terms before you leave me."

"What says the Frenchman?" demanded the veteran sternly; "does he make a merit of having captured a scout with a note from headquarters? Sir, he had better raise this siege, to go and sit down before Edward, if he wishes to frighten his enemy with words. . . ."

Duncan explained the other's meaning. "To retain the fort is now impossible," said the liberal enemy; "it is necessary to the interests of my master that it should be destroyed; but as for yourselves, and your brave comrades, there is no privilege dear to a soldier that shall be denied."

- "Our colors?" demanded Heyward.
- "Carry them to England, and show them to your king."

5

- "Our arms?"
- "Keep them; none can use them better."
- "Our march; the surrender of the place?"
- "Shall all be done in a way most honorable to your-selves."

Duncan now turned to explain these proposals to his commander, who heard him with amazement and a sensibility that was deeply touched by so unusual and unex- 10 pected generosity.

"Go you, Duncan," he said; "go with this marquess, as indeed marquess he should be; go to his marquee, and arrange it all. I have lived to see two things, in my old age, that never did I expect to behold: an Englishman 15 afraid to support a friend, and a Frenchman too honest to profit by his advantage."

So saying, the veteran again dropped his head to his chest, and returned slowly towards the fort, exhibiting, by the dejection of his air, to the anxious garrison a 20 harbinger of evil tidings.

Abridged.

my royal master: George II, king of England.—Edward: Fort Edward, where General Webb was stationed.—my master: Louis XV, king of France.—marquee (mar-kē'): an officer's field tent.—har'binger: a fore-runner. This was a name once given to an officer of the English court whose business it was to precede the royal family when they traveled and to engage lodgings for them.

NEW THINGS AND OLD

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Wendell Phillips (1811-1884) was a New England reformer and orator. He was famous for his hatred of any kind of oppression, and for his courage in expressing his convictions.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all the remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

Take the stories of Shakespeare, who has written his forty odd plays. Some are historical. The rest, two thirds of them, he did not stop to invent, but he found them. These he clutched, ready made to his hand, from the Italian novelists, who had taken them before from the East. Cinderella is older than all history, like half a dozen other baby legends. The annals of the world do not go back far enough to tell us from where they first came.

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came from the banks of the Ganges or

the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before.

Indeed, Dunlop, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the 5 nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. . . .

Why, all the Irish bulls are Greek,—every one of 10 them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who shut his eyes and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; take the Irishman who bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live 15 two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend and said to him, "Why, sir, I heard you were dead." "Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not." "Oh, no!" says he; "I would believe the man who told me a good deal 20 quicker than I would you." Well, those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of a parallel character, come from Athens.

Rawlinson: an English historian and student of Eastern literature. — Gan'ges: a river of India. — Damas'cus: the capital of Syria and one of the oldest cities in the world. — Bul'wer: an English novelist. — Dunlop: a British author who wrote a history of fiction. — bull: an absurdity which has for the moment a reasonable sound.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800–1859) was an English author who was famous as historian, poet, essayist, and statesman. His style is said to possess every excellence,—strength, brilliancy, clearness, melody, and elegance.

NOTE. — The people of Rome, having driven out their wicked king, Tarquin, decided to be ruled by kings no more. Tarquin marched with a large force against the city and captured the hill Janiculum. The story goes on from this point.

Out spake the Consul roundly:

"The bridge must straight go down;

For, since Janiculum is lost,

Naught else can save the town."

10

15

20

Then out spake brave Horatius,

The Captain of the gate:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, With all the speed ye may;



I, with two more to help me,Will hold the foe in play.In yon strait path a thousandMay well be stopped by three.Now who will stand on either hand,And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:

"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,

"As thou say'st, so let it be."

And straight against that great array

Forth went the dauntless Three.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,

And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright

20

15

5

10

Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded

A peal of warlike glee,

As that great host, with measured tread,

And spears advanced and ensigns spread,

Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,

Where stood the dauntless Three.

5

- 20

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,

And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;

And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;

To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"

Loud cried the Fathers all.

"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!

Back darted Spurius Lartius, Herminius darted back;

Back, ere the ruin fall!"

And, as they passed, beneath their feet They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces, And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,

They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder Fell every loosened beam,

5

10

15

20

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck Lay right athwart the stream.

And a long shout of triumph Rose from the walls of Rome,

As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,

But constant still in mind;

Thrice thirty thousand foes before,

And the broad flood behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,

With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning Those craven ranks to see;

Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,	
To Sextus naught spake he;	
But he saw on Palatinus	
The white porch of his home;	
And he spake to the noble river	5
That rolls by the towers of Rome:	
"O Tiber! Father Tiber!	
To whom the Romans pray!	
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,	
Take thou in charge this day!"	10
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed	
The good sword by his side,	
And, with his harness on his back,	
Plunged headlong in the tide.	
No sound of joy or sorrow	15
Was heard from either bank;	
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,	
With parted lips and straining eyes,	
Stood gazing where he sank;	
And when above the surges	20
They saw his crest appear,	
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,	
And even the ranks of Tuscany	
Could scarce forbear to cheer.	

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;

"Will not the villain drown?

But for this stay, ere close of day

We should have sacked the town!"

"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,

"And bring him safe to shore;

For such a gallant feat of arms

Was never seen before."

5

10

15

And now he feels the bottom;

Now on dry earth he stands;

Now round him throng the Fathers,

To press his gory hands;

And now, with shouts and clapping,

And noise of weeping loud,

He enters through the River Gate,

Borne by the joyous crowd.

Consul: the chief magistrate of Rome. — Janic'ulum: a high hill west of the Tiber, commanding the city of Rome. — the gate: Rome was a walled city with numerous gates. This was the so-called River Gate. — strait: narrow. Horatius proposed to stand at the farther end of the bridge while it was being hewn down. — Ram'nian: one of the three original tribes of Rome; hence a patrician or aristocrat. — Ti'tian: another of the three tribes. Horatius was a representative of the third. This battle is supposed to have taken place about 500 B.C., or more than two hundred and fifty years after the founding of the city. — the Fathers: senators or "city fathers." — Sex'tus: Tarquin's son. — Lars Por'sena: the chief of the king's helpers; a king in his own right. — Palati'nus: one of the seven hills of Rome. — ranks of Tus'cany: these were under the leadership of Porsena.

THE RHODORA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

On being asked, Whence is the flower?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, born in Boston in 1803, was a famous lecturer and writer. For the greater part of his life his home was in Concord, Mass., where he died in 1882. Emerson taught the world many lessons; one of them, which had been put into words by Wordsworth, was that plain living and high thinking go well together.

5

10

15

NOTE. — The rhodora is a low shrub with rose-pink flowers, found in early spring in New England woods. It is similar to the azalea.

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes, I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods. Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook, To please the desert and the sluggish brook. The purple petals, fallen in the pool, Made the black water with their beauty gay; Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool And court the flower that cheapens his array. Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing, Then Beauty is its own excuse for being: Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose! 20 I never thought to ask, I never knew: But, in my simple ignorance, suppose The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

ANEMONE

EDITH M. THOMAS

EDITH M. THOMAS is an American poet whose work has strength, delicacy, and charm.

"Thou faintly blushing, dawn-like bloom
That springest on the April path,
Set round with shivering, leafy gloom
'Mong thy companions frail and rath,
Why spurnest thou the golden sun,
Whom all with still delight receive?
Some unknown love thy heart hath won,
And whispers thee at morn and eve!
How may this be, how may this be,
O rare Anemone?"

5

10

15

20

"The wind my sunshine is; the wind,
That many a trembling flower affrays,
Alone my sweetness can unbind,
Alone my drooping eye upraise.
And when my thread of life shall break,
And when I cast my raiment white,
Me gently will the rough wind take
And bear along his boundless flight.
He calleth me,—'Be free, be free,
My own Anemone!'"

anem'one: wind-flower. - rath: early. - affrays: frightens.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS is an American author, editor, and poet. His novels illustrate his belief that what is called "realism" in literature is preferable to romance.

Note. — This extract is from "Their Wedding Journey." The capture of Quebec took place in the year 1759, during the French and Indian 5 War. The English forces were under General Wolfe, the French under General Montcalm.

The fashionable suburban cottages and places of Quebec are on the St. Louis Road leading northward to the old battle ground and beyond it; but these face chiefly to toward the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and lofty hedges and shrubbery hide them in an English seclusion from the highway; so that the visitor, as he rides along, may uninterruptedly meditate whatever emotion he will for the scene of Wolfe's death.

His loftiest emotion will want the noble height of that heroic soul, who must always stand forth in history a figure of beautiful and singular distinction, admirable alike for the sensibility and daring, the poetic pensiveness, and the martial ardor that mingled in him and taxed his 20 feeble frame with tasks greater than it could bear.

The whole story of the capture of Quebec is full of romantic splendor and pathos. Her fall was a triumph for all the English-speaking race, and to us Americans, long scourged by the cruel Indian wars plotted within her walls or sustained by her strength, such a blessing as was hailed with ringing bells and blazing bonfires throughout the colonies; yet now we cannot think without pity of the hopes extinguished and the labors brought to naught in her overthrow.

That strange colony of priests and soldiers, of martyrs and heroes, of which she was the capital, willing to perish for an allegiance to which the mother country was indif10 ferent, and fighting against the armies with which England was prepared to outnumber the whole Canadian population, is a magnificent spectacle; and Montcalm laying down his life to lose Quebec is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to win her.

The heart opens toward the soldier who recited, on the eve of his costly victory, the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which he would "rather have written than beat the French to-morrow"; but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt to death, answered, when told how brief his time was, "So much the better; then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

In the city for which they perished their fame has never been divided. The English have shown themselves very generous victors; perhaps nothing could be alleged 25 against them but that they were victors.

A shaft common to Wolfe and Montcalm celebrates them both in the Governor's Garden; and in the chapel



of the Ursuline Convent a tablet is placed, where Montcalm died, by the same conquerors who raised to Wolfe's memory the column on the battlefield.

A dismal prison covers the ground where the hero fell, and the monument stands on the spot where Wolfe 5 breathed his last, on ground lower than the rest of the field; the friendly hollow that sheltered him from the fire of the French troops dwarfs his monument; yet it is sufficient, and the simple inscription, "Here died Wolfe victorious," gives it a dignity which many cubits of added stature could not bestow. . . .

I have heard men who fought in many battles say that the recollection was like a dream to them; and what can the merely civilian imagination do on the Plains of Abraham, with the fact that there, more than a century ago, certain thousands of Frenchmen marched out, on a bright 10 September morning, to kill and maim as many Englishmen?

This ground, so green and soft with grass beneath the feet, was it once torn with shot and soaked with the blood of men? Did they lie here in ranks and heaps, the miserable slain, for whom tender hearts away yonder over the sea were to ache and break? Did the wretches that fell wounded stretch themselves here, and writhe beneath the feet of friend and foe, or crawl away for shelter into little hollows and behind bushes and fallen trees? Did he whose soul was so full of noble and sublime impulses die here, shot through like some ravening beast?

The loathsome carnage, the shrieks, the din of arms, the cries of victory,—I vainly strive to conjure up some image of it all; and, God be thanked, horrible specter! that, fill the world with sorrow as thou wilt, thou still remainest incredible in its moments of sanity and peace.

Adapted.

[&]quot;Elegy written in a Country Churchyard": by Gray, an English poet.

— Plains of Abraham: the scene of the battle in which Wolfe fell.

THE WATER LILY

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE (1847-) is a Boston journalist of Irish birth. He is the author of several stirring ballads.

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fiber and dull of hue,
With naught of grace or worth.

5

10

15

20

The gelid fish that floated near
Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye,—
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honeybee,

The sun and sky and air,

They marked its heart of virgin gold

In the satin leaves of spotless fold,

And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,

To sordid life tied down,

May bloom to heaven, and no man know,

Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,

How God hath seen the crown.

A TALK TO SCHOOL CHILDREN

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Note. — This speech was delivered July 23, 1865, in Music Hall, Boston.

Boys, you will not be moved to action by starvation and want. Where will you get the motive power? You will have the spur of ambition to be worthy of the fathers who have given you these opportunities. Remember, boys, what fame it is that you bear up,—this old name of Boston! A certain well-known poet says it is the hub of the universe. Well, this is a gentle and generous satire.

In Revolutionary days they talked of the Boston Revolution. When Samuel Johnson wrote his work against the American colonies, it was Boston he ridiculed. When the king could not sleep overnight, he got up and muttered "Boston." When the proclamation of pardon was issued, the only two excepted were the two Boston fanatics, —John Hancock and Sam Adams.

But what did Boston do? She sent Hancock to Philadelphia to write his name on the Declaration of Independence in letters large enough, almost, for the king to read on the other side of the ocean.

Now, boys, this is my lesson to you to-day. You cannot be as good as your fathers, unless you are better.

You have your fathers' example, — the opportunities and advantages they have accumulated, — and to be only as good is not enough. You must be better. You must copy only the spirit of your fathers, and not their imperfections.

There was an old Boston merchant, years ago, who wanted a set of china made in Peking. You know that Boston men sixty years ago looked at both sides of a cent before they spent it, and if they earned twelve cents they would save eleven. He could not spare a whole to plate, so he sent a cracked one, and when he received the set there was a crack in every piece. The Chinese had imitated the pattern exactly.

Now, boys, do not imitate us. Be better than we are or there will be a great many cracks. We have invented 15 a telegraph, but what of that? I expect, if I live forty years, to see a telegraph that will send messages without wire, both ways at the same time. You are bound to go ahead of us. The old London physician said the way to be well was to live on sixpence, and earn it. That is 20 education under the law of necessity. We cannot give you that. Underneath you is the ever watchful hand of city culture and wealth. All the motive we can give is the name you bear. Bear it nobly!

A well-known poet: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. — The London physician: Dr. John Abernethy.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER 1

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

HELEN HUNT JACKSON, who is known to many readers as H. H., was born in Massachusetts in 1831. Much of her life was spent in the West, especially in Colorado. She wrote several short stories and some excellent verse. "Ramona," a story of Indian life, is her best-known book. Mrs. 5 Jackson died in 1885.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

10

15

20

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

¹ Copyright, 1873, 1886, 1892, by Roberts Brothers.

When all the lovely, wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks, In idle, golden freighting, Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush Of woods, for winter waiting;

ភ

10

15

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and threes together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June, Count all your boasts together, Love loveth best of all the year October's bright blue weather.

aftermath: a second crop of grass.



THE OASIS1

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, an American author and orator, was born in Providence, R.I., in 1824. He came of a long line of brave and independent thinkers, and from his earliest manhood he was never afraid to take the unpopular side. Truth, honor, and courtesy were exemplified in 5 him. Mr. Curtis died in 1892.

There came suddenly a strip of green land.

It was like a branch of flowers yet fresh, drifting out to a ship at sea. The birds sang clearly in the early morning, high over our heads flashing in the bright air.

The damp sand was delicately printed with the tracks of birds. The desert lay around us in low hillocks, like the long billows of a retiring ocean. The air blew fresh and sweet from the west;—fresh and sweet, for it was the breath of the Mediterranean.

And suddenly we came upon green land. The country was like a rolling pasture. Grass and dandelions and a myriad familiar wild flowers lay like wreaths of welcome at our feet. There were clumps of palms and single acacias; the cactus, also, that we call the Indian fig, shapeless, prickly, but full of the sun, and fat with promise.

The wind blew, the birds sang, the trees waved. They were the outposts of life, whence it nodded and beckoned

¹ From "The Howadji in Syria." Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

to us, and threw us flowers as we emerged from the death of the desert. They receded, they sank into vapory distance,—the waving trees, the singing birds. Promises and hopes they sing and wave upon the desert, and I greeted them as the mariner at sea greets the South 5 in the bough of blossoms floating by him.

The strip of green land passed, and we entered upon pure Sahara. It was the softest, most powdery sand; tossed by light winds it drew sharp angles, glittering white angles, against the dense blue. The last trace of 10 green vanished as we passed deeper among the ridges. The world was a chaotic ocean of sparkling white sand.

The desert was in that moment utter and hopeless desert, but was never desert again. Bare, and still, and bright, it was soft beyond expression, in the fitful game 15 of shadows played upon it by the sun, — for vapors were gathering overhead.

Suddenly, around one of the sharp angles,—and I could not, until then, tell if it were near or far,—suddenly a band of armed Arabs came riding toward us. 20 They curveted, and dashed, and caracoled upon spirited horses. They came close to us, and greeted our men with endless kissings and salaams. They chatted and called aloud; their weapons flashed and rattled, their robes flowed in the wind,—then suddenly, like a cloud 25 of birds, they wheeled from us, and away they sped over the horizon.

We plodded on. The Armenian's little white mare paced toilingly through the loose sand. It was high noon, and, advancing silently, we passed over the near



horizon of the ridges and came upon a plain of hard sand. Not far away lay a town of white stone houses, and the square walls of a fort,—and beyond them all,

the lustrous line of the sea. It was El Harish, on the edge of the desert.

Under the crescent moon the camp was pitched. And under the crescent moon all Arabia was but a seabeach, for unmitigated sand lay from the Mediterranean to the seabeach. The curious children flocked out of the town, and watched with profound attention the ceremonies of infidel tea making and the dinner of unbelievers. The muezzin called from the minaret, and the children left us to the sky and the sand and the sea.

The Mediterranean called to us through the darkness. The moonlight was so vague that the sea and the desert were blent. The world was sunk in mysterious haze. We were encamped, it seemed, on the very horizon, and looked off into blank space.

After the silence of the desert, it was strange to hear the voice of the sea. It was Homer's sea, the only sea of romance and fame; over which Helen sailed and the Argonauts; out of which sailed Columbus. . . . Upon its shore stood Carthage, and across its calm the Sirens sang.

Adapted.

15

20

salaam': an Oriental salutation performed by bowing very low and placing the right palm on the forehead. — infidel: to the Mohammedans, of course, all other religious sects are infidels and unbelievers. — muez'zin: a Mohammedan crier who calls the faithful to prayer. — Homer: a great Greek poet who lived about 1000 B.c. — Helen: a beautiful woman for whose sake the Trojan War was fought. — Argonauts: a band of Greek heroes. — Carthage: one of the most famous of ancient cities. — the Sirens: sea nymphs whose singing was said to lure sailors to destruction.

TO A WATER FOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878) was one of the great American poets. For many years he was editor of the New York Evening Post. His poems show his love of nature and his deep religious feeling.

Whither, midst falling dew,

While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue

Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

10

15

20

There is a Power whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —

The desert and illimitable air —

Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned, At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere, Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land, Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

10

seen against: the poet originally wrote painted on, but as some one objected to it the line was changed.



ACADEMIC OPPORTUNITIES

THOMAS STARR KING

THOMAS STARR KING (1824–1864) was an American preacher and lecturer. His book, "The White Hills," opened the eyes of many people to the beauties of New Hampshire.

The preparatory school and the college lay the basis of the power and the satisfaction with which in after years the work of life will be discharged.

Young men do not go to college to complete their education, but to draw the ground plan of it, and to lay the under courses of a future building deep and firm. To use the words of St. Paul in a secular sense, they are then "laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come."

And the years are profitably used just to the extent that habits of mental industry are formed, loyalty to truth confirmed, and the principles which underlie and support knowledge and culture are laid and cemented imperishably by the masonry of application.

Nobody can become wise, in the best college on this planet, between twelve and twenty. But a youth of capacious powers can do more in those years toward enlarging the resources and ennobling the proportions of his mental character and influence than in twice eight years after he shall have taken up the tasks of life.

It is no time to look to the lower tiers of the edifice after the rafters are up and the roof is on. It is no time to be attending to a crack in the basement or a leaning wall after the builder has moved into the house with his family. The best he can do is to move out of it and buy 5 another, or spend largely to have it put in friendship with mathematics and gravitation.

But a student cannot remove from his mental house in his busy years, although he may see that the ground tier of stone is not based right, and that the walls are not 10 thick enough for the weight they must bear.

And then the misery that comes! To be obliged to apply principles and not to be sure of them! To feel the need of fundamental instruction, which might once have been thoroughly acquired, while the mind must act, and 15 in responsible callings too, as though it felt secure!

To be under the necessity of being student and worker, journeyman and artist, in the same hour, without the satisfactions that belong to either branch of toil, and with the burden of practical duty upon the hands and conscience,—this is a species of refined and exquisite agony which many a professional man in our day experiences, and which is the penalty either of an enforced adoption of the duties of a profession without ample preparation, or of wasted academic hours.

Do not be so eager, young men, to advance in knowledge as to become masters of elementary knowledge, so

that it can never slip from your grasp, but becomes incorporated with your mental substance. There is no intellectual wretchedness more keen than conscious inadequacy of the mental furniture to the mental duties, 5 especially in the grasp of primal truths.

And there is no intellectual pleasure more sweet than the assurance, tested in arduous labor, of being grounded in truth, of finding that you have built your house upon a rock,—than the repose that comes when you know something positively and know that you know it, and feel the mastery of a practical field because of that consciousness.

Do not fail, then, to use carefully the months, the days, the hours, in which as yet you are secluded from all cares. Do not be in a hurry to reach responsibility.

Strive to be furnished for it. And in every line of inquiry that you open, be eager for the facts that belong to the substructure rather than for those that belong to the finish of culture. The deeper you go now into principles, the higher you will rise in results in the years to come, when the bulk of your powers must be pledged to work, and only the uncertain leisure can be devoted to further acquisition.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Note. — This was Bryant's second poem. His first was one of his most famous ones, "Thanatopsis." Compare with this Wordsworth's "To the Small Celandine." See Book Five, page 205.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

5

10

15

20

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat, And earthward bent thy gentle eye, Unapt the passing view to meet, When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,

Thy early smile has stayed my walk;

But midst the gorgeous blooms of May

I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

5

10

So they who climb to wealth forget

The friends in darker fortunes tried.

I copied them—but I regret

That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

The yellow violet: the flower commonly known as the yellow violet, the dogtooth violet, or the yellow adder's tongue, is not properly a violet, but belongs to the lily family.—ape: to mimic, as an ape does.—painted tribes of light: the flowers.

PSALM CXLVIII

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars 5 of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. . . .

10

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars: 15 Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name 20

alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

. . . Praise ye the Lord.



DON QUIXOTE

CERVANTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES (1547-1616) was born in Spain and studied at the great Spanish universities. A great English critic has said of his celebrated romance, "Don Quixote," "It is to Spain what Shakespeare is to England, — the one book to which allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit." It is an interesting coincidence 5 that Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same day.

Note. — These brief selections are taken from J. G. Lockhart's translation, and will serve to introduce the reader to a picture of Spanish life and manners which has never been surpassed.

At a certain village in La Mancha of which I cannot 10 remember the name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, griefs and 15 groans on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three quarters of his revenue; the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself 20 for working days. His whole family was a housekeeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse and handle the pruning hook. The master

nimself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser, and a lover of hunting.

You must know, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round), he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with such application and delight that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances that a-nights he would pore on until it was day, and a-days he would read on until it was night; and thus by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities, insomuch that all the fables and fantastical tales which he had read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honor as for the service of the public, to turn knight-errant and roam through the whole world, armed cap-a-pie and mounted

on his steed, in quest of adventure; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might 5 purchase everlasting honor and renown.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived 10 there was a material piece wanting; for instead of a complete helmet there was only a single headpiece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver or visor, which, being fitted to the headpiece, made it look like an entire 15 helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass proof, he drew his sword and tried its edge upon the pasteboard visor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a-doing. He did not like its being broken with so much ease, and 20 therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so, without any further experiment, he resolved it should 25 pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

He next went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real; however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. He was four 5 days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should 10 demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner changed his profession, that the horse should also change his title, and be dignified with another: a good, big word, such a 15 one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus, after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante, — a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding, 20 and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now; in a word, a horse before, or above, all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; 25 and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha.

SANCHO PANZA

This done, Don Quixote earnestly sought out one of his neighbors, a country laborer and a good, honest fellow, though poor in purse and poor in brains. In short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at 5 last the poor silly clown consented to go along with him and become his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him that it was likely such an adventure would present itself as might secure him the conquest of some island in 10 the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises, Sancho Panza (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbor's squire. 15

Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-by, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste that by break of day they thought 20 themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island which his master had promised him.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

... As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished; look yonder, friend Sancho! there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza. "Those whom thou see'st yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long, extended arms." "Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go." "'T is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapt spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills and no giants. "Stand, cowards," cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all." At the same time, the wind rising, the mill sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants,"

cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance." Covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the 5 wind whirled it about with such swiftness that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as he could to help his master, whom he 10 found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. "Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho; "did I not give your worship fair warning? did I not tell you they were windmills, and nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?" 15

Abridged.

Don Quix'ote: the Spanish pronunciation is $d\bar{o}n$ $k\bar{e}$ -ho'ta. — La Man'cha: a small territory, partly in Aragon and partly in Castile. — rack: the lance rack of the Middle Ages was as much a part of hall furniture as is the umbrella stand of to-day. — griefs and groans: this dish has puzzled the critics. Some say it was ham and eggs, but it is quite possible that it means a dinner of nothing at all; in other words, a fast. — knight-er'rantry: the adventurous wanderings of knights. — cap-a-pie (cap-a-pē'): from head to foot. — artificially: artfully. — Spanish real: a square silver coin. — Buceph'alus: the famous horse of Alexander the Great. — the Cid: a hero of Castile who lived in the eleventh century. He is to the student of Spanish literature what King Arthur is to us. — Babie'ca: this wonderful horse was almost as famous as his master. Babieca was buried before the monastery gates at Valencia, and two elm trees were planted to mark the spot. — Rozinan'te: ante, before; rozin, an ordinary horse. — vulgar: common. — Sancho Panza: san'ko pan'za. — Bria'reus: a giant with a hundred arms.

THE BELL OF ATRI

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Me., in 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin (bō'd'n) College, and at the age of twenty-one became professor of modern languages in the same college. Afterwards he held a similar position at Harvard. His poetry is justly popular, not 5 only in America, but in Europe. Most English-speaking boys and girls know "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Skeleton in Armor," and "Hiawatha." Longfellow died in 1882.



At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—

10

5

10

15

20

25

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame, So many monarchs since have borne the name. Had a great bell hung in the market place Beneath a roof, projecting some small space By way of shelter from the sun and rain. Then rode he through the streets with all his train, And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long, Made proclamation that whenever wrong Was done to any man he should but ring The great bell in the square, and he, the King, Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon. Such was the proclamation of King John. How swift the happy days in Atri sped, What wrongs were righted, need not here be said. Suffice it that, as all things must decay, The hempen rope at length was worn away, Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand, Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand, Till one who noted this in passing by Mended the rope with braids of bryony, So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A Knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved his hounds and horses and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—

Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old, His only passion was the love of gold. He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds, Rented his vineyards and his garden grounds,

Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

5

10

15

20

25

At length he said: "What is the use or need To keep at my own cost this lazy steed, Eating his head off in my stables here, When rents are low and provender is dear? Let him go feed upon the public ways; I want him only for the holidays." So the old steed was turned into the heat Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street; And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn, Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose

And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market place,
Where the great bell upon its crossbeams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song,
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

5

10

15

25

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade, No shape of human form of woman born. But a poor steed dejected and forlorn, Who with uplifted head and eager eye Was tugging at the vines of bryony. . . . Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd Had rolled together like a summer cloud, And told the story of the wretched beast In five and twenty different ways at least, With much gesticulation and appeal To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal. The Knight was called and questioned; in reply Did not confess the fact, did not deny; Treated the matter as a pleasant jest, And set at naught the Syndic and the rest, Maintaining, in an angry undertone, That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read The proclamation of the King; then said: "Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?

Б

"He who serves well and speaks not merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

15 The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
20 But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

Abruzzo (äbroot'so): a country of Italy.—Re Giovan'ni: King John, in English.—Syn'dic: a magistrate.—bry'ony: a common European plant.

MY THREE COMPANIONS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894), the poet and wit of Boston, was also a noted physician, professor, and prose writer. He was the author of a series of delightful books, beginning with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and ending with "Over the Teacups."

I have lived on the shores of the great ocean, where its waves broke wildest and its voice rose loudest. I have passed whole seasons on the banks of mighty and famous rivers. I have dwelt on the margin of a tranquil lake, and floated through many a long, long summer day on its clear waters.

I have learned the "various language" of Nature, of which poetry has spoken,—at least I have learned some words and phrases of it. I will translate some of these as best I may into common speech.

The Ocean says to the dweller on its shores: "You 15 are neither welcome nor unwelcome. I do not trouble myself with the living tribes that come down to my waters. I have my own people, of an older race than yours, that grow to mightier dimensions than your mastodons and elephants; more numerous than all the 20 swarms that fill the air or move over the thin crust of the earth.

"Who are you that build your gay palaces on my margin? I see your white faces as I saw the dark faces

of the tribes that came before you, as I shall look upon the unknown family of mankind that will come after you. And what is your whole human family but a parenthesis in a single page of my history? The raindrops stereotyped themselves on my beaches before a single living creature left his footprints there.

"What feeling have I for you? Not scorn,—not hatred,—not love,—not loathing. No!—indifference,—blank indifference to you and your affairs; that is my feeling, say rather absence of feeling, as regards you. Oh, yes; I will lap at your feet, I will cool you in the hot summer days, I will bear you up in my strong arms, I will rock you on my rolling undulations, like a babe in his cradle.

"Am I not gentle? Am I not kind? Am I not harm15 less? But hark! The wind is rising, and the wind and I
are rough playmates! What do you say to my voice
now? Do you see my foaming lips? Do you feel the
rocks tremble as my huge billows crash against them?
Is not my anger terrible as I dash your argosy, your
20 thunder-bearing frigate, into fragments, as you would
crack an eggshell?

"No, not anger; deaf, blind, unheeding indifference,—
that is all. Out of me all things arose; sooner or later,
into me all things subside. All changes around me; I
change not. I look not at you, vain man, and your frail
transitory concerns, save in momentary glimpses. . . .

"Ye whose thoughts are of eternity, come dwell at my side. Continents and islands grow old, and waste and disappear. The hardest rock crumbles; vegetable and animal kingdoms come into being, wax great, decline, and perish, to give way to others, even as human dynasties and nations and races come and go.



"Look on me! 'time writes no wrinkle' on my fore-head. Listen to me! All tongues are spoken on my shores, but I have only one language: the winds taught me their vowels, the crags and the sands schooled me in 10 my rough or smooth consonants. Few words are mine, but I have whispered them and sung them and shouted them to men of all tribes from the time when the first wild wanderer strayed into my awful presence.

"Have you a grief that gnaws at your heartstrings? Come with it to my shore, as of old the priest of fardarting Apollo carried his rage and anguish to the margin of the loud-roaring sea. There, if anywhere, you will forget your private and short-lived woe, for my voice speaks to the infinite and the eternal in your consciousness."

To him who loves the pages of human history, who listens to the voices of the world about him, who frequents the market and the thoroughfare, who lives in the study of time and its accidents, rather than in the deeper emotions, in abstract speculation and spiritual contemplation, the River addresses itself as his natural companion:

"Come live with me. I am active, cheerful, communicative, a natural talker and story-teller. I am not noisy like the ocean, except occasionally when I am rudely interrupted, or when I stumble and get a fall. When I am silent you can still have pleasure in watching my changing features. My idlest babble, when I am toying with the trifles that fall in my way, if not very full of meaning, is at least musical.

"I am not a dangerous friend like the ocean; no highway is absolutely safe, but my nature is harmless, and the storms that strew the beaches with wrecks cast no ruins upon my flowery borders. Abide with me, and you shall not die of thirst, like the forlorn wretches left to the mercies of the pitiless salt waves. Trust yourself to me, and

I will carry you far on your journey, if we are traveling to the same point of the compass.

"If I sometimes run riot and overflow your meadows, I leave fertility behind me when I withdraw to my natural channel. Walk by my side toward the place of my destination. I will keep pace with you, and you shall feel my presence with you as that of a self-conscious being like yourself. You will find it hard to be miserable in my company; I drain you of ill-conditioned thoughts as I carry away the refuse of your dwelling and its grounds." 10

But to him whom the ocean chills and crushes with its sullen indifference, and the river disturbs with its neverpausing and never-ending story, the silent Lake shall be a refuge and a place of rest for his soul.

"Vex not yourself with thoughts too vast for your 15 limited faculties," it says; "yield not yourself to the babble of the running stream. Leave the ocean which cares nothing for you or any living thing that walks the solid earth; leave the river, too busy with its own errand, too talkative about its own affairs, and find peace with me, 20 whose smile will cheer you, whose whisper will soothe you. Come to me when the morning sun blazes across my bosom like a golden baldric; come to me in the still midnight, when I hold the inverted firmament like a cup brimming with jewels, nor spill one star of all the 25 constellations that float in my ebon goblet.

"Do you know the charm of melancholy? Where will you find a sympathy like mine in your hours of sadness? Does the ocean share your grief? Does the river listen to your sighs? The salt wave, that called to you from under last month's full moon, to-day is dashing on the rocks of Labrador; the stream, that ran by you pure and sparkling, has swallowed the poisonous refuse of a great city, and is creeping to its grave in the wide cemetery that buries all things in its tomb of liquid crystal.

"It is true that my waters exhale and are renewed from one season to another; but are your features the same, absolutely the same, from year to year? We both change, but we know each other through all changes. Am I not mirrored in those eyes of yours? And does not Nature plant me as an eye to behold her beauties while she is dressed in the glories of leaf and flower?"

various language:

To him who in the love of Nature holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language.—*Bryant's* "*Thanatopsis*."

— ar'gosy: a large ship; originally a vessel of Ragusa (rä-goo'sä), a city on the Adriatic Sea. — thunder-bearing frigate: a war vessel carrying guns. — time writes no wrinkle: see Byron's "Childe Harold," Canto IV, stanza 182. — priest of Apollo: Apollo was the sun god of the Greeks. For this allusion see the opening lines of the first book of Homer's "Iliad." — bal'dric: a broad belt worn over one shoulder.

LITTLE GIFFEN

FRANCIS O. TICKNOR

Dr. Francis O. Ticknor (1822–1874) was a physician who lived near Columbus, Ga.

Note. — Professor Barrett Wendell, in his "Literary History of America," mentions this simple ballad with warm appreciation.

5

10

15

20

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)
Specter! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said; Little the doctor can help the dead! So we took him; and brought him where The balm was sweet in the summer air; And we laid him down on a wholesome bed— Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.

Months of torture, how many such?

Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;

And still a glint of the steel-blue eye

Told of a spirit that would n't die,

And did n't. Nay, more, in death's despite The crippled skeleton learned to write. "Dear mother," at first, of course, and then "Dear captain," inquiring about the men. Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five, Giffen and I are left alive."

5

10

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "little Giffen" of Tennessee.

focal: relating to a focus or the place where the shots centered.—Lazarus: the beggar, "full of sores," in the parable told in St. Luke xvi. 19-31.—Johnston: a Confederate general.

A WINTER EVENING

JOHN G. WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the Quaker poet of New England, was well known for his liberal spirit and for the high moral character of his poems.

Note. - "Snow-Bound," from which this selection is taken, is a memory of the poet's boyhood.

As night drew on, and, from the crest Of wooded knolls that ridged the west, The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank From sight beneath the smothering bank, We piled with care our nightly stack Of wood against the chimney-back, -The oaken log, green, huge, and thick, And on its top the stout back-stick; The knotty fore-stick laid apart, And filled between with curious art The ragged brush; then, hovering near, We watched the first red blaze appear, Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam On whitewashed wall and sagging beam, Until the old, rude-furnished room Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom; While radiant with a mimic flame Outside the sparkling drift became,

10

15

20

And through the bare-boughed lilac tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme, "Under the tree,
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

5

10

15

20

25

The moon above the eastern wood Shone at its full: the hill range stood Transfigured in the silver flood, Its blown snows flashing cold and keen, Dead white, save where some sharp ravine Took shadow, or the somber green Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black Against the whiteness at their back. For such a world and such a night Most fitting that unwarming light, Which only seemed where'er it fell To make the coldness visible. Shut in from all the world without, We sat the clean-winged hearth about, Content to let the north wind roar In baffled rage at pane and door, While the red logs before us beat

The frost line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

5

10

15

What matter how the night behaved? What matter how the north wind raved? Blow high, blow low, not all its snow Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.

crane: an iron arm fastened to the side or back of the fireplace to hold
a kettle over the fire. — tram'mels: iron hooks.



TONGUES AND TUBES

MARGARET W. MORLEY

MARGARET W. MORLEY is an American author and teacher. This selection is taken from "Flowers and Their Friends."

A flower tube is a safe place to keep stamens and nectar. It is often protected by scales or hairs or a sticky juice, 5 so that ants and other small insects are given a gentle but convincing hint to keep out. Some flowers like crawling insects, and these have wide-spreading corollas where the nectar is easily reached; but a long tube is a warning signpost to many a tiny visitor.

If, however, there comes along a large insect with a long tongue, he will be sure to find a welcome in many a flower with a tube. If he is faithful and industrious in his work of collecting honey, he will soon find that the flower whose nectar he likes best has a tube which is just the same shape and size as his tongue; and, what is more, it is in the most convenient position for him to reach it.

It seems to be his flower, and no doubt it is, for flowers have a way of making their tubes to fit the tongues of those that love them best. Not that they do all the fitting, for no doubt the tongues also grow to fit the flowers.

Of course other insects with similar tongues can also get the honey, and a good many whose tongues are quite

different can reach more or less of it; but the bulk of the honey is for the favorite visitor. He can reach clear to the bottom of the nectary, and in some cases, where the favorite insect has a very long and very slender tongue, the spur of the tube will be so long and slender that none but that particular kind of insect can get the honey at all.



The white azalea, often called swamp honeysuckle, and the large night-flying moths are great friends. The azalea has provided honey for her guests, and protects it, too, against other visitors, except the bees and humming birds. 10 The humming birds are welcome, and the bees have a way of coming whether they are welcome or not.

If you go just at dark to where the azaleas are blooming, you will not see the moths, but you will hear them.

The chief sounds in the woods are the rustling of twigs 15

and leaves in the breeze, the calling of frogs from the ponds, the noises of insects, and the voices of the night-flying birds. Then all at once there comes another sound, — a steady buzz-z-z that draws nearer and nearer until it seems to be close to your ear. This is the moth come to visit the honeysuckle.

And no doubt the honeysuckle is glad to feel the breeze of these fanning wings and to feel the long tongue enter the tube, for the moth touches the out-reaching stigma and leaves there pollen from some other flower whose honey it has enjoyed. From the stamens it detaches pollen grains to carry to another flower; and this too, no doubt, gives happiness to the azalea, for it makes its pollen not for its own use, but for the sake of its friends.

The azalea has long, upturned filaments that reach far out of the tube, and the style is yet longer, so that only a large insect or a humming bird, collecting honey while on the wing, can really give pollen to the stigma.

Bees alight back of the anthers and take the honey.

20 If they want pollen they collect it from the stamens without touching the stigma, except once in a while by accident, as it were. So, however much the majority of flowers may love and respect the bee, our azalea has no liking for her. Besides, the bee has a bad habit of biting a hole in the flower tube and getting the honey that way. This would be a disreputable performance on the part of any insect, and if bees are not ashamed of it they ought to be.

The azalea does several things for the moth it loves. It may be that its beautiful white color is for his sake; certainly, if the flower were not white the moth would not be likely to find it, since he flies abroad in the evening, when it is dark in the damp thickets where the honey- 5 suckle likes to grow. Azalea has a sweet white corolla with a long slender tube containing nectar for moth or humming bird, but not for the bees.

Watch a bee try to reach it some time. If the flower is between you and the light, you can see the bee's brown to tongue through the flower tube; she appears to be standing on her toes and reaching in as far as she can; she darts out her tongue to its full length, and you can see it wriggling and straining to get to the abundant honey low down in the flower tube. But it is of no use to try; the tongue is too short and the tube too long. The honeysuckle tube was not made to fit the bee's tongue, and the bee can get only the outer rim of the honey. Perhaps this is why the bee so often breaks in the back way.

Besides being white, the azalea flowers grow in clusters, 20 which makes them yet more visible in the dusk. They exhale, too, a delicious and far-reaching perfume, and this is a note of invitation to the moths.

Instead of writing a note on a sheet of perfumed paper, the honeysuckle sends the perfume without the paper. 25 The moth understands the message, and knowing that the white azalea "requests the pleasure" of his company that

evening, puts on his best manners, since he cannot change his clothes, and goes.

The white azalea is so sweet and so pretty, it would not be strange if other uninvited guests than bees were to 5 visit it. No doubt the ants and bugs and gnats and flies would be glad to, but the azalea has a very inhospitable way of receiving such would-be guests.

Over the outside of the lower part of the white tube and running in a line to the very tips of the petals are to tiny white hairs with black tips. These are the azalea's bodyguard. Each tip exudes a drop of sticky liquid.

Fine, sticky hairs cover the stems and the leaves too; and the unfortunate insect that tries to crawl up to the flower is sure to get wings and legs hopelessly entangled and stuck together.

Only large fellows, like bees, who are strong enough to pull themselves free, are able to defy this bodyguard. You will sometimes meet our sweet azalea covered on the outside with little marauders who wanted to steal her honey but could not, because the bodyguard caught them and held them fast.

Not all flowers with tubes succeed so well as the azalea in keeping their honey for the visitors who can do them the most good. Look at the morning-glory, for instance; it has hairs at the entrance to the nectaries which the ants cannot readily pass, but which the bees can push aside. The openings to the nectary are large enough to

admit readily the tongue of the bee, and the distance into the nectar is about the length of a bee's tongue; there are no sticky guards to preserve the honey, and so the bees and small beetles and other tiny insects often crawl into the tube, eat the honey, and even devour the flower itself. 5

Tropæolum has a fine large tube full of rich honey for bees and humming birds. This tube no doubt corresponds to some tongue or bird bill in her own South America; but in our country the bees are her guests. The bumble-bee is fond of Tropæolum honey, and fertilizes the flower, while an occasional rubythroat may be seen taking a sip.

Jewelweed's horn is a humming-bird tube and a bee tube too. The flowers are so delicately balanced on tiny stalks that wingless insects would not find an easy entrance.

Pelargonium also has a tube suited to some long slimtongued visitor. In her own native land in far-away Africa she probably loves the butterflies that live there, and so they have grown tongue and tube to fit each other. For the flower is not the only one to change: the insect changes to suit the flower at the same time that the flower changes to suit the insect. Even a delicate butterfly has its work to do, and the world is changed, though ever so little, because it has lived.

Tropæ'olum: nasturtium, a native of Peru. — Pelargo'nium: the commonly cultivated geranium, a native of South Africa.

COLUMBUS 1

JOAQUIN MILLER

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841-) is an American poet who has written mainly of the West. His real name is Cincinnatus Hiner Miller.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

5

10

15

20

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say brave Admiral say

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say, If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you may say, at break of day, 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow, Until at last the blanched mate said:

¹ By permission of the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco, Publishers of the Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller.

"Why, now not even God would know Should I and all my men fall dead. These very winds forget their way, For God from these dread seas is gone. Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"— He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Б

15

20

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;

He curls his lips, he lies in wait

With lifted teeth as if to bite;

Brave Admiral, say but one good word,

What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leaped like a leaping sword,

"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
"A light! A light! A light!"
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Azores': islands west of Spain.—the Gates of Hercules: Gibraltar and the opposite cliffs. These were once supposed to mark the end of the world, and to have been split apart by the Greek hero Hercules.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

LORD BYRON

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824) was one of the great English poets. His best work may be ranked with what is most worthy of admiration in English literature, though many of his poems are lacking in moral quality.

5 Note. — Sennacherib was a king of Assyria who invaded Judea during the reign of Hezekiah. According to the Bible story, the Jewish king and his prophet Isaiah implored divine favor to save them from coming under the Assyrian yoke. The "angel of the Lord" smote the invading army so that one hundred and eighty-five thousand died in a single night. 10 Sennacherib himself returned to his home in safety, but was killed by his sons 681 B.C. See 2 Kings xviii., xix., and Isaiah xxxvii.

Byron's poem is said to be the finest sacred lyric in the English language. Its strength and simplicity are remarkable.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,

15 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
25 And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.



And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

5

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Ash'ur: Assyria.—Bā'al: the chief god of the idolaters.—Gen'tile: foreigner. To the Jews all other races were Gentiles.

ROBERT BURNS

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Note. — This address was given in Boston in 1859, on the occasion of the Burns centenary.

At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th of January was the hundredth anniversary 5 of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies, and states, all over the world, to keep the festival.

We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the Middle Ages. Those famous parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness and better singers than we,—though that is yet to be known,—but they could not have had better reason.

I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watchword, "Each for himself," by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle class, represents in the minds of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities, that uprising which worked politically in the American and French revolutions, and which, not in governments so much as in education and social order, has changed the face of the world.

In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding, and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute

independence, and resting as it should on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible. . . .

The Declaration of Independence, the French Rights of Man, and "The Marseillaise" are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air. He is so substantially a reformer to that I find his grand, plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters, — Rabelais, Shakespeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler, and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns.

He is an exceptional genius. The people who care 15 nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent—they thought who saw him—whether he wrote verse or not: he could have done anything else as well. Yet how true a poet is he! And the poet, too, of poor men, of gray hodden and the guernsey coat and the 20 blouse.

He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farmhouse and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; hardship; the fear of debt; the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and 25 sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thoughts.

What a love of nature, and, shall I say it? of middle-class nature! Not like Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, in the ocean, or Moore, in the luxurious East, but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them,—

bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice and sleet and rain and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field mice, thistles and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonny Doons" and "John Anderson, my Jo's" and "Auld Lang Synes" all around the earth have his verses been applied to! The farmwork, the country holiday, the fishing cobble, are still his debtors to-day.

And as he was thus the poet of poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so had he the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a patois unintel15 ligible to all but natives, and he has made the Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But more than this. He had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of 20 its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offense through his beauty.

The memory of Burns, —I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say.

The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the

waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the Stone Chapel opposite may know something about it.

Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns,—every man's, every boy's and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and they say 5 them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth.

The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them, nay, the music boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play to them; the hand organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them; and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

Abridged.

Rights of Man: a declaration, similar to the Declaration of Independence, adopted by the French National Assembly in 1789. — The Marseillaise: the national song of the French. — Rabelais (rä-blä'): a French philosopher (1495–1553). — Cervan'tes: a Spanish novelist, the author of "Don Quixote." — Butler: an English poet, the author of "Hudibras." — a living countryman: Thomas Carlyle. — gray hodden: the coarse gray cloth formerly worn by the Scottish peasantry. — the guernsey coat: a garment like the modern sweater, worn by sailors and fishermen. — blouse (blowz): in France a blue linen blouse is worn by all workingmen. — weans: young children. — Goethe (gö'teh): a great German author (1749–1832). — Byron and Moore: British poets. — fishing cobble: fishing boat. — patois (pa-twä') a country dialect. — Doric dialect: a dialect of ancient Greece, now classic. In its rough, hard sounds it was like the Scotch. — Stone Chapel: King's Chapel, on Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. — Savoyards: inhabitants of Savoy, in southeastern France.

ROBERT BURNS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



I see amid the fields of Ayr
A plowman, who, in foul and fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

5

For him the plowing of those fields

A more ethereal harvest yields

Than sheaves of grain;

Songs flush with purple bloom the rye, The plover's call, the curlew's cry, Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

Б

10

15

20

He sings of love, whose flame illumes
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brushwood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song Rises o'er all, elate and strong; Its master chords Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood, Its discords but an interlude

Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this, than wandering up and down,
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

5

10

15

20

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plow;
He sits beside each ingle nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.

Welcome beneath this roof of mine!

Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

Ayr (ar): the home of Burns, a seaport town of Scotland.—laverock (laverock): the lark.—gorse: a thorny shrub, bearing a yellow flower, common on the hills of Great Britain.—brushwood: it was customary in the old days to hang a branch for a sign over a tavern door. Hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."—ingle nook: chimney corner.

OLD SCROOGE

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was one of the great English novelists. His books are full of interest and humor, and helped to bring about better laws and conditions for the poor. Among his best known books are "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist."

5

Note.—"A Christmas Carol," from which this selection is taken, is the best known of Dickens's short stories. It tells how a hard, miserly old man was changed to a generous and kindly one. This is the beginning of the story.

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt 10 whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole 20 residuary legatee, his sole friend, his sole mourner.

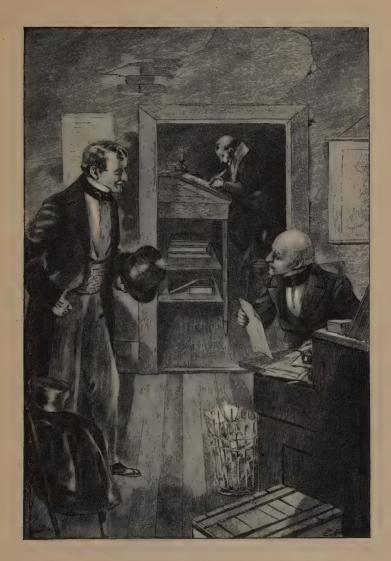
Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name, however. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door,—Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as

Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge and sometimes Marley. He answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, 5 was Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on him. No warmth could warm, no cold could chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect,—they often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock; no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life,



warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, upon a Christmas eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his countinghouse. It was cold, bleak, biting, foggy weather; and the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that although the court was of the narrowest the houses opposite were mere phantoms.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he could n't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge; "humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready, said "Bah!" again and followed it up with "Humbug!"

10

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year 15 older and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in them through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried 20 with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!"

"Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—5 apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from you," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation!"

'Change: the Exchange, or business headquarters.—exec'utor: one who carries out another's will.—assign': one to whom property is transferred.—resid'uary legatee: the person who receives the personal property of an estate after other claims are settled.—nuts: this is a bit of slang which is of classic origin. In the old days of Roman greatness the children were sometimes told to put away their "nuts"; in other words, to leave off their childish pleasures.—pal'pable: capable of being felt or touched.

MY TRIUMPH

JOHN G. WHITTIER

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises, Save it from evil phrases: Why, when dear lips that spake it Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall; I better know than all How little I have gained, How vast the unattained.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

Abridged.

5

10

15

20

EDUCATION

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

It was while Macaulay was a member of the House of Commons that his speech on Education was delivered, April 19, 1847.

I say, therefore, that the education of the people is not only a means, but the best means, of attaining that which all allow to be a chief end of government; and, if this be so, it passes my faculties to understand how any man can gravely contend that Government has nothing to do with the education of the people.

My confidence in my opinion is strengthened when I recollect that I hold that opinion in common with all the greatest lawgivers, statesmen, and political philosophers of all nations and ages, and with all the most illustrious champions of civil and spiritual freedom. . . . I might cite many of the most venerable names of the Old World; but I would rather cite the example of that country which the supporters of the Voluntary system here are always recommending to us as a pattern.

Go back to the days when the little society which has expanded into the opulent and enlightened commonwealth 20 of Massachusetts began to exist. Our modern Dissenters will scarcely, I think, venture to speak contumeliously of those Puritans whose spirit Laud and his High Commission Court could not subdue, of those Puritans who were

willing to leave home and kindred, and the comforts and refinements of civilized life, to cross the ocean, to fix their abode in forests among wild beasts and wild men, rather than commit the sin of performing, in the house of God, one gesture which they believed to be displeasing to him. 5

Did those brave exiles think it inconsistent with civil or religious freedom that the state should take charge of the education of the people? No, sir; one of the earliest laws enacted by the Puritan colonists was that every township, as soon as the Lord had increased it to the number of fifty 10 houses, should appoint one to teach all children to write and read, and that every township of a hundred houses should set up a grammar school. Nor have the descendants of those who made this law ever ceased to hold that the public authorities were bound to provide the means 15 of public instruction.

Nor is this doctrine confined to New England. "Educate the people" was the first admonition addressed by Penn to the colony which he founded. "Educate the people" was the legacy of Washington to the nation which he had 20 saved. "Educate the people" was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson; and I quote Jefferson with peculiar pleasure, because, of all the eminent men that have ever lived, . . . Jefferson was the one who most abhorred everything like meddling on the part of governments. 25 Yet the chief business of his later years was to establish a good system of state education in Virginia.

And against such authority as this, what have you who take the other side to show? Can you mention a single great philosopher, a single man distinguished by his zeal for liberty, humanity, and truth, who, from the beginning 5 of the world down to the time of this present Parliament, ever held your doctrines? You can oppose to the unanimous voice of all the wise and good, of all ages, and of both hemispheres, nothing but a clamor which was first heard a few months ago, — a clamor in which you cannot 10 join without condemning not only all whose memory you profess to hold in reverence, but even your former selves. This, sir, is my defense. From the clamor of our

accusers I appeal with confidence to the country to which we must, in no long time, render an account of our stew-15 ardship. I appeal with still more confidence to future generations, which, while enjoying all the blessings of an impartial and efficient system of public instruction, will find it difficult to believe that the authors of that system should have had to struggle with a vehement and per-20 tinacious opposition, and still more difficult to believe that such an opposition was offered in the name of civil and religious freedom.

Abridged.

Voluntary system: the system by which parents educate their children or let them grow up without schooling, as they please. - Dissenters: those who do not agree with the doctrines of the Church of England. The Puritans were Dissenters. - Laud: an English archbishop who took part in the persecution of the Puritans. — Parliament: the lawmaking body of England. It is like our Congress.

THE FLIGHT OF ÆNEAS

A Selection from Virgil's "Eneid"; translated by Christopher P. Cranch.

Virgil (70-19 B.C.) was the most famous of Latin poets. He was well educated, though his family were of the common people. He is considered the superior of all the other ancient poets in the beauty of his verse.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH (1813-1892) was an American artist and poet.

Note. — When Troy, after long years of siege, falls at last into the hands of the Greeks, Æneas escapes from the tumult and comes to his father's house, begging the old man to flee with him. At first Anchises refuses, having no wish to live now that Troy has fallen, and Æneas, seeing that he cannot change this decision, calls for his armor; that he may make one more effort, however useless, to avenge his country's wrongs.

Forthwith I gird myself anew in steel,
And, my left hand inserting in my shield,
Began to put it on, and forth was going.
But lo! upon the threshold stood my wife,
And hung upon me, and embraced my feet,
And held the young Iulus to his sire.

"If forth thou goest, resolved to die," she said,
"Take us along with thee, to share all fates.
But if, from trial, thou hast hope in arms,
Protect this household first. To whom dost thou
Abandon little Iulus, and thy sire,
Or her whom once thou call'dst thy wife?"

So she

10

Complaining filled the house; when suddenly

A prodigy most wonderful appeared. For in the midst of our embracing arms, And faces of his sorrowing parents, lo! Upon Iulus' head a luminous flame

- 5 With lambent flashes shone, and played about His soft hair with a harmless touch, and round His temples hovered. We with trembling fear Sought to brush off the blaze, and ran to quench The sacred fire with water from the fount.
- But Father Anchises lifted to the stars
 His eyes with joy, and raised his hands to heaven,
 Exclaiming, "Jupiter, omnipotent!
 If thou wilt yield to any prayer of ours,
 Look upon us, this once; and if we aught
- Deserve by any piety, give help,
 O Father, and these omens now confirm!"

Scarce had my aged father said these words, When, with a sudden peal, upon the left It thundered, and down gliding from the skies

- 20 A star, that drew a fiery train behind,
 Streamed through the darkness with resplendent light.
 We saw it glide above the highest roofs,
 And plunge into the Idæan woods, and mark
 Our course. The shining furrow all along
- 25 Its track gave light, and sulphurous fumes around.

And now, convinced, my father lifts himself; Speaks to the gods,—adores the sacred star. "Now, now," he cries, "for us no more delay!



I follow; and wherever ye may lead,
Gods of my country, I will go! Guard ye
My family, my little grandson guard.
This augury is yours; and yours the power
That watches Troy. And now, my son, I yield,
Nor will refuse to go along with thee."
And now through all the city we can hear
The roaring flames, which nearer roll their heat.

10

"Come then, dear father! On my shoulders I Will bear thee, nor will think the task severe. Whatever lot awaits us, there shall be One danger and one safety for us both. Little Iulus my companion be; 5 And at a distance let my wife observe Our footsteps. You, my servants, take good heed Of what I say. Beyond the city stands Upon a rising ground a temple old Of the deserted Ceres, and near by 10 An ancient cypress tree, for many years By the religion of our sires preserved. To this, by different ways, we all will come Together. And do thou, my father, here Take in thy hands our country's guardian gods 15 And our Penates; I, who have just come forth From war and recent slaughter, may not touch Such sacred things, till in some flowing stream I wash." This said, a tawny lion's skin On my broad shoulders and my stooping neck 20 I throw, and take my burden. At my side Little Iulus links his hand in mine, Following his father with unequal steps. Behind us steps my wife. Through paths obscure We wend; and I, who but a moment since 25 Dreaded no flying weapons of the Greeks, Nor dense battalions of the adverse hosts,

Now start in terror at each rustling breeze, And every common sound, held in suspense With equal fears for those attending me And for the burden that I bear along.

Iulus (i-ū'lus). — lam'bent: touching lightly (literally, "licking"). — Anchises (an-ki'sēz). — Idæ'an woods: the pine woods on Mt. Ida, south of Troy. The meteor marked the destination of the fugitives. — au'gury: omen. The ancients were convinced that all important events were foretold by some marvel or portent. Anchises felt sure that a new Troy would spring from the ashes of the old, through the efforts of his descendants. — I will bear thee: Anchises was not only old, but he had been crippled by a lightning stroke. — Ce'res: the goddess of agriculture. — cy'press tree: groves and trees, in ancient times and among many peoples, were considered sacred to the gods. — guardian gods: the sacred symbols of the city, which had been brought to Æneas for safe keeping. — Pena'tes: the gods of a man's own household.

SEVEN YEARS OLD

A. C. SWINBURNE

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837—) is an English poet whose 5 work is admired for its melody and its perfection of form. His poems to children are notable.

As a poor man hungering stands with insatiate eyes and hands

10

Void of bread
Right in sight of men that feast while his
famine with no least
Crumb is fed,

Here across the garden wall can I hear strange children call,

Watch them play,

From the windowed seat above, whence the goodlier child I love

Is away.

5

10

Here the sights we saw together moved his fancy like a feather

To and fro,

Now to wander, and thereafter to the sunny storm of laughter

Loud and low-

Sights engraven on storied pages where man's tale of seven swift ages

All was told—

Seen of eyes yet bright from heaven—for the lips that laughed were seven

Sweet years old.



CHARACTER AND REPUTATION

HENRY WARD BEECHER

There are few who do not know the difference between character and reputation, though there are few who have analyzed and defined their own ideas. A man's real inward habits and mental condition form his character. This will work out to the surface in some degree, and 5 in some persons much more than in others.

But the appearance which a man presents to the world, the outward exhibition, gives him his reputation. A man's character is his reality. It is the acting and moving force of his being. Reputation is the impression to which he has made upon other men; it is their thought of him. Our character is always in ourselves, but our reputation is in others.

It is true that, ordinarily, among honest men, the two go together. A man who lives out of doors among 15 men, and who gives his fellows a fair chance to see his conduct, will find that he is accurately measured and correctly judged.

But it sometimes happens that men are much better than they have credit for being, and as often men are 20 much worse than they appear to be; that is, men may have a reputation either better or worse than their character. Thus, there are many men who are reputed to be hard, severe, stern, who at heart are full of all kindness, and would go farther and fare harder to serve a friend or to relieve a real case of trouble than anybody else around them. On the other hand, some people are thought to be very gentle, very sweet in manners, all smiles, promises, and politeness; but at heart they are cold and selfish. Character is bad and reputation good in such cases.

It is quite easy for a man to get himself a reputation. He has only to practice upon the imagination and credu10 lity of the public. If he takes pleasure in being thought better than he is, if he chooses to live in a vain show, if he wears a mask and his life is occupied in covering up his real feelings by feigned and false ones, he may have a measure of success.

But the same amount of labor and care which gives him but a flimsy credit, and which would fall before the least scrutiny or severity of test, would give him a substantial reality. He labors as hard for a sham as would suffice to give him a truth.

Indeed, it is easier to build a character than to sustain a false reputation. Once let a man's habits be laid, and solidly laid, in truth, honor, and virtue, and the more the man is tried the more he profits by it. Such men are revealed to the world by misfortunes. The troubles which threaten them only end in letting people know how strong and real and good they are.

But when a man has learned to live upon a mere show,

practicing upon others with decent appearances, he will find that his reputation, good in fair weather, will be good for nothing in storms and trials. And then, when he needs most sympathy and respect, he will have the least. If it is a little harder to build up character than reputation, it is so only in the beginning. For reputation, like a poorly built house, will cost as much for patching and repairs as would have made it thorough at first.

Besides, an honorable soul ought to be ashamed of credit which he does not deserve. One hardly knows to how to interpret a nature that can deliberately take praise for things which he knows does not belong to him. This is particularly true of *young* men. . . . What shall we think of a man who begins life on a lie? who deliberately sets out to build up a reputation 15 without caring for his character?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

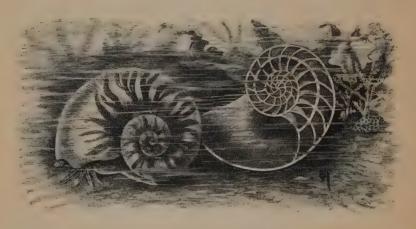
Note. — One variety of nautilus has a shell which is divided into many chambers, cut off from one another by curved plates of pearl. The animal always lives in the outer and larger chamber, walling it up and making a still larger one as his body grows.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.



Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,

15 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through, Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

ħ

15

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee, Child of the wandering sea, Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!

While on mine ears it rings,

Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that 10 sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

poets feign: it is only a pretty fancy that the nautilus sails over the waves.—siren: see note on "The Oasis," page 123.—irised: colored like the rainbow. Iris was the goddess of the rainbow.—Triton: the son of the sea god Neptune. He was represented in Greek art and poetry as a fish with a human head. When the ocean roared Triton was said to be blowing his shell, or horn.

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. - Wordsworth.

wreathed horn: the spiral conch shell, often used as a horn or trumpet.

THE HAUNT OF A BIRD LOVER

MAURICE THOMPSON

James Maurice Thompson (1844-1901) was an American author whose novels and poems deal with the life of the South and West.

Without preliminary negotiations or special preparations of any kind I took possession of an old building which once had been a ginhouse. Now bear in mind that I do not mean gin mill when I write ginhouse, for the words are far from synonymous.

My new abode was picturesquely dilapidated, and stood in the midst of a dense growth of young pine trees. From a window I had a view, through a rift in the foliage, of a small blue lake and a wide stretch of green, rush-covered marsh. An ancient peach and pear orchard was close at hand, the venerable, old, neglected trees standing kneedeep in a mass of scrubby scions.

This ginhouse, instead of having once been a place where intoxicating drinks were concocted and sold, was simply the wreck of an old plantation cotton-ginning establishment; indeed, here was an abandoned and overgrown estate which formerly had been the pride of a Southern planter of great wealth and social and political power.

The stately mansion had disappeared, saving the ruins of some brick columns and the rubbish suggestive of chimneys and foundation pillars; nor was there much left to remind one of the agricultural wealth, formerly the largest of this broad area, now given over to a thrifty growth of strong young trees and to a wild, musical mob of birds.

A considerable marsh, once drained by a rude windmill and cultivated in sea-island cotton, had been reclaimed by 5 the tide water (which now crept in rhythmically through many breaks in the little dike) and had become a home of the herons and bitterns. Remnants, more pathetic than picturesque, of the tall shaft and pumping apparatus belonging to the mill lay in a moldering and rusting heap 10 beside the water.

My ginhouse was a poor shelter if it should rain, but I could supplement it with my waterproof blanket; and then the climate was very kind at worst. How, indeed, could a climate be more tender in its concessions to one's preferences? A breeze from the gulf, salty and exhilarating, or a waft from the pine woods, fragrantly heavy with terebinth and balm, was blowing day and night, and the medley of bird songs was accompanied with the effective counterpoint of the distant sea moan.

On one side a fresh-water lakelet, on the other side the Gulf of Mexico, — great marsh meadows and reaches of sand bar — dense forests, thickets, old fields given over to nature, orchards left to the will of the mocking birds and their friends and foes, — everything, indeed, to favor my 25 quest was in view, with the romance and the beauty thrown in for good measure.

So, swinging my hammock from the heavy beams of the loft, I abandoned myself to the study in hand, feeling that for once many elements had joined themselves together to enhance my physical and spiritual comfort.



Here on the latest fringe of nature's geological formation, with all the newest discoveries of natural science at hand in the shape of books and memoranda, and with fishes, birds, reptiles, and mammals, water of sea, stream, and lake, woods, marshes, and swamps, with all the range of plants growing in them, what more could I wish?

Abridged.

sea-island cotton: a superior cotton of long fiber, grown on the islands along the coast of Georgia and South Carolina.—ter'ebinth: turpentine.—counterpoint: melodious accompaniment.

A BRAVE RESCUE

R. D. BLACKMORE

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE (1825-1900) was an English novelist.

Note. — "Lorna Doone," from which this selection is taken, is one of the most widely read of English novels. The story is told by the hero, John Ridd. Notice the strong, characteristic style.

It happened upon a November evening, when I was 5 about fifteen years old, that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks and they all quacked quite movingly. They pushed 10 their gold-colored bills here and there (yet dirty, as gold is apt to be), and they jumped on the triangles of their feet and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the overexcited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending and the roofs 15 of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry "Dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the ducks' national anthem; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as 20 hard, and ran round till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together and looked grave, and went round and round again. Now I am uncommonly fond of

ducks, whether roystering, roosting, or roasted; and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, poddling one after another, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, and their little eyes cocked all ways at once, and the way that they dib with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it. Therefore I knew at once by the way they were carrying on that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie persued it too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them like a good duck wife and could only tell thirteen of them when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard where the two great ash trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the urgence and melancholy of the duck birds. Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly. For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for tadpoles and caddice worms and other game, — this brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in and

sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise, and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down, like the wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters, which our ducks never had been.

There is always a hurdle, six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. And the use of this hurdle is to keep our kine at milking time from straying away there 10 drinking (for in truth they are very dainty) and to fence strange cattle, or Farmer Snowe's horses, from coming along the bed of the brook unknown, to steal our substance. But now this hurdle, which hung in the summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more 15 than two feet deep but for the power against it. For the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle, buffeted almost flat and thatched (so to say) with the drift-stuff, was going seesaw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the 20 waters. But saddest to see was, between two bars, who but our venerable mallard jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his topknot full of water, unable to comprehend it, with his tail washed far away from him, but often compelled to be 25 silent, being ducked very harshly against his will by the choking fall-to of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing, because, being borne up high and dry by a tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in a fight with a turkey cock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, 5 and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again and left small doubt, by the way he spluttered 10 and failed to quack and hung down his poor crest, but what he must drown in another minute and frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there!" he cried, "get thee back, boy! The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward and spoke to his mare—she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful—and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job; yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty forelegs sloped further and further in front of her and her delicate ears pricked

forward and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back and wondered at him as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over be her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking. Then, as the rush of it



swept her away, and she struck with her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible and caught up old 10 Tom with his left hand and set him between his holsters and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried down stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse and tossed the hurdle clear from him and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden where the winter cabbage was; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

"Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it," he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her; "but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns and made the old drake swallow them and tried him softly upon his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely and clapped his wings and shook off the wet from his tail feathers, and then went away into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats and stood up and put their bills together, as if to thank God for his great deliverance.

roystering: noisy. — pod'dling; a word in local use or coined by the author to express the paddling walk of a duck. — callow: without feathers. — quest: look for. — hurdle: a movable fence or frame of twigs, stakes, or iron. — kine: cows. — mallard: a drake. — holsters: a holster is a case for a pistol attached to a saddle.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE BROTHERS

ETHELDRED BREEZE BARRY

ETHELDRED BREEZE BARRY is an American artist and author.

NOTE. — The good St. Francis of Assisi called all animals his little brothers and sisters.

We are the little brothers, homeless in cold and heat, Fourfooted little beggars, roaming the city street.

Snatching a bone from the gutter, creeping through alleys drear,

5

Stoned and sworn at and beaten, our hearts consumed with fear.

You pride yourselves on the beauty of your city fair and free,

Yet we are dying by thousands in coverts you never see.

You boast of your mental progress, of your libraries, 10 schools, and halls;

But we who are dumb denounce you, as we crouch beneath their walls.

- You sit in your tinseled playhouse and weep o'er a mimic wrong.
- Our woes are the woes of the voiceless; our griefs are unheeded in song.
- You say that the same God made us. When before his throne you come
- Shall you clear yourself in his presence on the plea that he made us dumb?
- ⁵ Are your hearts too hard to listen to a starving kitten's cries?
 - Are you blind to the patient pleading in a dog's imploring eyes?
 - Behold us, your little brothers,—starving, beaten, oppressed,—
 - Stretch out a hand to help us that we may have food and rest.
 - Too long have we roamed neglected, too long have we sickened with fear.
- 10 The mercy you hope and pray for, you can grant us now and here.
 - St. Francis (1182-1226): the founder of a famous religious order. His life was one of gentleness and service.

GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT

JONATHAN SWIFT

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) was an Irish author and the dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin. He was noted for his keen, biting satire and his clear, direct style.

Note. — This lesson is taken from an entertaining romance called "Gulliver's Travels." School editions of this famous book are published. 5

I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on 10 my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards: the 15 sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came 20 almost up to my chin, when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands

and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that 10 fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and at the same time with a violent pull which gave me excessive pain I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just 15 able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them, and in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do 20 bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left 25 hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me,



if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed that I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows, but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for about an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it, from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech whereof I understood not one syllable.

He appeared to be of a middle age and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator; and I could observe many periods of threat-enings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by

putting my finger frequently to my mouth to signify that I wanted food. The hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a 5 hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish 10 them by taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me 15 as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, 20 with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it toward my hand and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a 25 second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy and danced upon my breast. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them — for so I interpreted my submissive behavior — soon drove out those imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much magnificence.

Abridged.

Gulliver: the hero of the story. He describes himself as an Englishman shipwrecked on a strange shore.

TO A SKYLARK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was an English poet, famous for the delicacy of his fancy and the sweetness of his verse.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

15

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,

5

10

15

20

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear

Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed. 25

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
5 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour

15 With music sweet as love which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue

20 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered In its own green leaves, By warm winds deflowered, Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves.

Sounds of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous and clear and fresh,—thy music doth surpass.

5

10

15

20

Teach us, sprite or bird,

What sweet thoughts are thine;

I have never heard

Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

Waking or asleep,

Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep

Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,

And pine for what is not;

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;

5 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Hate and pride and fear,

If we were things born

Not to shed a tear,

10 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Yet if we could scorn

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness

That thy brain must know,

Such harmonious madness

From my lips would flow

The world should listen then as I am listening now!

Bysshe: pronounced bish. — unbeholden: unseen. — thieves: the winds. — fraught: burdened.

MISS BARKER'S TEA PARTY

MRS. GASKELL

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Gaskell (1810-1865) was born near London. It was said of her by a British critic: "It is hardly possible to read a page of her writing without getting some good from it, and in the art of telling a story she has no superior."

Note. — "Cranford," from which the following selection is taken, is a quaint and charming story of life in an English village about 1840. Miss Betty Barker, who gave the tea party, had been a lady's maid, and afterwards a milliner, but at this time she had retired from business and was eager to play her part in the social life of the town.

The spring evenings were getting bright and long when 10 three or four ladies in calashes met at Miss Barker's door. Do you know what a calash is? It is a covering worn over caps, not unlike the heads fastened on old-fashioned gigs; but sometimes it is not quite so large. This kind of head gear always made an awful impression on the 15 children in Cranford; and now two or three left off their play in the quiet, sunny little street, and gathered in wondering silence round Miss Pole, Miss Matty, and myself. We were silent, too, so that we could hear loud, suppressed whispers inside Miss Barker's house: "Wait, 20 Peggy! wait till I've run upstairs and washed my hands. When I cough, open the door; I'll not be a minute."

And, true enough, it was not a minute before we heard a noise, between a sneeze and a crow; on which the

door flew open. Behind it stood a round-eyed maiden, all aghast at the honorable company of calashes, who marched in without a word. She recovered presence of mind enough to usher us into a small room, which had 5 been the shop, but was now converted into a temporary dressing room. There we unpinned and shook ourselves. and arranged our features before the glass into a sweet and gracious company face; and then, bowing backwards with "After you, ma'am," we allowed Mrs. Forrester 10 to take precedence up the narrow staircase that led to Miss Barker's drawing room. There she sat, as stately and composed as though we had never heard that oddsounding cough, from which her throat must have been even then sore and rough. Kind, gentle, shabbily dressed 15 Mrs. Forrester was immediately conducted to the second place of honor - a seat arranged something like Prince Albert's near the Queen's - good, but not so good. The place of preëminence was, of course, reserved for the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, who presently came panting up the stairs - Carlo rushing round her on her progress. as if he meant to trip her up.

And now Miss Betty Barker was a proud and happy woman. She stirred the fire, and shut the door, and sat as near to it as she could, quite on the edge of her chair. When Peggy came in, tottering under the weight of the tea tray, I noticed that Miss Barker was sadly afraid lest Peggy should not keep her distance sufficiently. She and

her mistress were on very familiar terms in their everyday intercourse, and Peggy wanted now to make several little confidences to her, which Miss Barker was on thorns to hear, but which she thought it her duty, as a lady, to repress. So she turned away from all Peggy's asides and 5 signs; but she made one or two very malapropos answers to what was said, and at last, seized with a bright idea,



she exclaimed, "Poor, sweet Carlo! I'm forgetting him. Come downstairs with me, poor little doggie, and it shall have its tea, it shall."

10

In a few minutes she returned, bland and benignant as before; but I thought she had forgotten to give the "poor little doggie" anything to eat, judging by the avidity with which he swallowed down chance pieces of cake. The tea tray was abundantly loaded—I was pleased to 15 see it, I was so hungry; but I was afraid the ladies present

might think it vulgarly heaped up. I saw Mrs. Jamieson eating seedcake slowly and considerately, as she did everything; and I was rather surprised, for I knew she had told us, on the occasion of her last party, that she never had it in her house,—it reminded her so much of scented soap. However, Mrs. Jamieson was kindly indulgent to Miss Barker's want of knowledge of the customs of high life, and, to spare her feelings, ate three large pieces of seedcake, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance not unlike a cow's.

When the party was over, the maids and the lanterns were announced. Mrs. Jamieson had the sedan chair, which had squeezed itself into Miss Barker's narrow lobby with difficulty. It required some skillful maneuvering on the part of the old chairmen (shoemakers by day, but when summoned to carry the sedan dressed up in a strange old livery) to edge, and back, and try at it again, and finally to succeed in carrying their burden out of Miss Barker's front door. Then we heard their quick pitapat along the quiet little street as we put on our calashes and pinned up our gowns, — Miss Barker hovering about us with offers of help, which, if she had not remembered her former occupation and wished us to forget it, would have been much more pressing.

malapropos (măl-ăp'rō-pō'): inappropriate or unsuitable. — sedan chair: a common conveyance in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was a covered chair slung on poles and carried by men.

TO A CITY PIGEON

N. P. WILLIS

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806-1867) was an American poet and essayist. His poems on biblical subjects and his brilliant prose sketches were extremely popular.

5

20

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,

And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?

Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,

When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?

How canst thou bear

This noise of people — this breezeless air?

Thou alone of the feathered race

Dost look unscared on the human face;

Thou alone, with a wing to flee,

Dost love with man in his haunts to be;

And the "gentle dove"

Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird! Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word; Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild In the prisoned thoughts of the city child;

And thy even wings

Are its brightest image of moving things.

5

10

15

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart Wisely by Him who tamed thy heart,

To stir the love for the bright and fair,

That else were sealed in this crowded air;

I sometimes dream

Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low, sweet music out!
I hear and see

Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!



ROBIN HOOD AND KING RICHARD

JOHN B. MARSH

JOHN B. MARSH (1835-) is an English writer who has retold some of the old traditions of his country.

Note. — According to tradition Robin Hood was an outlaw who lived in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham, England, in the reign of Richard I. Among his followers was a man of huge stature nicknamed Little John, and a priest known as Friar Tuck. King Richard, it is said, was desirous of seeing a man who so boldly defied his authority, and Robin Hood arranged that unknown to the court a meeting should take place between them.

Without saying a word to any one, the king on the 10 following day disguised himself in the dress of a monk and boldly entered the forest. After wandering about for several miles he was met by Little John, who asked him whither he went.

The king replied that he was afraid of being robbed on 15 the high road, that he was going to Nottingham on an errand to the king, and was in a great hurry. He begged Little John to show him the way, if he knew it.

Little John declared that he must not think of returning just then, because there was one in the forest who begged 20 the honor of his company to dinner.

The king protested against any such discourtesy being practiced upon him, but Little John was firm, and the king, after a slight show of unwillingness, consented.

Robin was expecting, besides the king, to have the company of Sir Richard of Lea Castle, who had offered to give shelter to a portion of Robin's band, if they would accept it, until the king had left Nottingham.

Little John led his companion to the place where it had been arranged that the king should be entertained. Robin lay at the foot of an old oak, silently pondering over his future plans. Friar Tuck and about eight others were present, the remainder being dispersed about the forest to look out for the king and Sir Richard.

At the very moment of the king's arrival Sir Richard made his appearance, and received a hearty greeting from Robin. The king stood silently by, unrecognized, and Friar Tuck, seeing a brother present, exchanged such civilities with him as he was master of.

The knight threw himself beside Robin on the grass, and they began talking of King Richard's doings in Nottingham, in a tone of voice loud enough for the king to hear.

- Sir Richard was endeavoring to assure Robin that the king would do him no harm, and that it was some slander of the Sheriff of Nottingham that had made the king think of getting up an expedition into the forest to capture Robin and his band.
- At length Little John, beckoning the king to follow him, stepped before Robin, and, making a low bow, told him that he had found the monk wandering in the forest,

and that he had stated that he was on his way to the king, for whom he had a message.

"Thou art right welcome, man," said Robin, "but cast



back the hood which covers thy face, and let us see if we know thee."

"Let him do it who dares," replied the king.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Robin, "that will not take long."

So saying, he rose from the grass and proceeded to throw back the hood, which covered the king's head and face in such a way as to hide his features. As he raised his hand, however, he received such a buffet from the king's arm as sent him tumbling backwards over the knight.

"That was a mighty strong blow," Little John exclaimed; "perhaps thou wilt be good enough to repeat the dose!"

He immediately stepped up to the king and raised his 10 arm to put back the hood, but in an instant a similar blow sent him also sprawling on the grass. The force with which the blow was delivered effected the purpose Robin had desired, for the hood fell from the king's face.

The knight had risen to his feet, and was looking into the face of the king with a puzzled expression on his countenance. In a moment he recognized the features, and kneeling bareheaded before his monarch, exclaimed, "God save King Richard!"

Robin and Little John were startled by the knight's words; they doffed their caps instantly, and kneeling before the king besought his pardon for their rudeness.

"Rise," said the king, "do not kneel to me here."
Then turning to Robin Hood he added: "I have heard
much of thee; thou hast slain my deer these many years,
25 beaten my foresters, opposed the Sheriff of Nottingham,
played tricks upon fat bishops and gouty barons, and now
I have to summon thee to a reckoning."

"My lord," said Robin, "no man can say I ever robbed a poor man, injured a woman, or despoiled the widow and the fatherless. I have taken from rich abbots, but I have given to the deserving, from whom they exacted too much. I have beaten the foresters, but they first slew 5 my father and my mother and my wife's father and many others of whom I might speak. I have opposed the Sheriff of Nottingham because he took yows and broke them, made promises and violated them, and those who suffered with him were like him. But, my lord, 10 there is one thing thou hast not remembered in the catalogue of my sins. I met thy men carrying a rich booty to London wherewith to pay a king's ransom, and I contributed to that ransom out of what I had. It has not been against the king that I have fought, but against his 15 unworthy servants, - men who, in some authority, fattened themselves upon the substance of the poor and needy. All that I have wronged the king in has been in helping myself to a few of his deer for myself and my men." 20

"Say no more," replied the king; "I forgive thee for all that has been done against me; and for what thou hast done to the bishops and barons I thank thee from my heart."

Abridged.

a king's ransom: Richard, on his way home from the crusades, was imprisoned by rival monarchs and only released after the payment of a large ransom. For another story of Richard, see Book Seven, page 73.

A HAPPY LIFE

HENRY WOTTON

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639) was an English poet.

How happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought And simple truth his utmost skill!

5

10

15

20

Whose passions not his masters are, Whose soul is still prepared for death, Not tied unto the world with care Of public fame, or private breath;

Who hath his life from rumors freed, Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray More of his grace than gifts to lend; And entertains the harmless day With a well-chosen book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands; And having nothing, yet hath all.

A SOUTH AFRICAN DESERT¹

GEORGE W. STEEVENS

George Warrington Steevens (1869–1900) was an English journalist and author. He died at Ladysmith, South Africa.

I wonder if it is all real. By the clock I have been traveling something over forty hours in South Africa, but it might just as well be a minute or a lifetime. It is a minute of experience prolonged to a lifetime. South Africa is a dream—one of those dreams in which you live years in the instant of waking—a dream of distance.

Departing from Capetown by night, I awoke in the Karroo. Between nine and six in the morning we had 10 made less than a hundred and eighty miles. Now we were climbing the vast desert of the Karroo, the dusty stairway that leads on to the highlands of South Africa. Once you have seen one desert, all the others are like it; and yet once you have loved the desert, each is lovable in 15 a new way. In the Karroo you seem to be going up a winding ascent, like the ramps that lead to an Indian fortress. You are ever pulling up an incline between hills, making for a corner round one of the ranges. You feel that when you get round that corner you will at last 20 see something; you arrive and see only another incline, two more ranges, and another corner — surely this time

¹ From "From Capetown to Ladysmith." Copyright, 1900, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

with something to arrive at beyond. You arrive and arrive, and once more you arrive, — and once more you see the vast nothing you are coming from.

Believe it or not, that is the very charm of a desert,—
the unfenced emptiness, the space, the freedom, the unbroken arch of the sky. It is forever fooling you, and yet you forever pursue it. And then it is only to the eye that cannot do without green that the Karroo is unbeautiful. Every other color meets others in harmony,—
tawny sand, silver-gray scrub, crimson-tufted flowers like heather, black ribs of rock, violet mountains in the middle distance, blue fairy battlements guarding the horizon. And above all broods the intense purity of the South African azure,—not a colored thing, like the plants and the hills, but sheer color existing by and for itself.

It is witching desert for five hundred miles, and for aught I know five hundred miles after that. At the rare stations you see perhaps one corrugated-iron store, perhaps a score of little stone houses with a couple of churches.

The land carries little enough stock, — here a dozen goats browsing on the withered sticks goats love, there a dozen ostriches, high-stepping, supercilious heads in air, wheeling like a troop of cavalry.

the Karroo': the Karroos are extensive plains of Cape Colony, annually covered with a rich vegetation, but becoming deserts in the dry season.—ramps: inclined planes between two levels.—supercilious: haughty. The word in Latin means eyebrow, and it is interesting to trace in its present use the expression of contempt by the lifting of the eyebrow.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834) was one of the great English poets. He is noted for his powerful imagination and the perfection of his meter. See note on Wordsworth, page 29.

Note. — This selection is taken from "The Ancient Mariner," a very famous poem. The original is in seven parts; the following stanzas are 5 from the first two parts. A wedding guest is stopped by an old sailor and forced to listen to his strange story.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

10

15

20

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, And I am next of kin; The guests are met, the feast is set: May'st hear the merry din!"

He holds him with his glittering eye,—
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding Guest sat on a stone: He cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner:— "The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared, Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

5

10

15

20

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding Guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner:—

"And now the storm blast came, and he Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.



"And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold: And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross, Thorough the fog it came; As if it had been a Christian soul, We hailed it in God's name.

10

15

20

"It ate the food it ne'er had ate, And round and round it flew:— The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind; The Albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, It perched for vespers nine; Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white, Glimmered the white moonshine." "God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross!

5

10

15

20

"The sun now rose upon the right: Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind, But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariners' hollo!

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean. "Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

10

15

"And every tongue, through utter drouth, Was withered at the root; We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung."

Abridged.

may'st hear: thou mayst hear. — kirk: church. — bassoon': a wind instrument somewhat like a flute. — min'strelsy: musicians. — noises in a swound: noises heard in a swoon. When one is fainting ringing noises are often heard. — thorough: through. These were at first merely different ways of pronouncing the same word, but have now become words with different meanings. In the same way, antique and antic were once one word; so also human and humane. — vespers: evenings. — rout: dance. — death fires: phosphorescent lights, supposed by the ignorant sailors to foretell death. — drouth: drought.

CHARACTER

JOHN LUBBOCK

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is an English writer on scientific subjects.

Note. — The first quotation is from Blackie, a Scottish author; the second from Marcus Aurelius, a famous Roman emperor and philosopher. The lines of verse were written by Joanna Baillie, a Scottish poet.

What is necessary for true success in life? But "one 5 thing is needful. Money is not needful; power is not needful; cleverness is not needful; fame is not needful; liberty is not needful; even health is not the one thing needful; but character alone—a thoroughly cultivated will—is that which can truly save us."

Your character will be what you yourself choose to make it. We cannot all be poets or musicians, great artists or men of science, "but there are many other things of which thou canst not say, I am not formed for them by nature. Show those qualities, then, which are altogether is in thy power,—sincerity, gravity, endurance of labor, aversion to luxury, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling, magnanimity."

Never do anything of which you will have cause to be ashamed. There is one good opinion which is of the 20 greatest importance to you, namely, your own. "An easy conscience," says Seneca, "is a continual feast."

Look up and not down. "The man," said Lord Beaconsfield, "who does not look up, will look down, and the spirit which does not dare to soar, is destined perhaps to grovel."

"Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerve to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from youthful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part."

5

10

No doubt, having regard to the realities of existence, the ordinary forms of ambition seem quite beneath our notice, and indeed our greatest men, Shakespeare and Milton, Newton and Darwin, have owed nothing to the honors or titles which governments can give.

What can rank alone do? Marie de Médicis, Queen of France, Regent of France, mother of the King of France, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of England, and the Duchess of Savoy, was deserted by the kings her children, who would not even receive her into their dominions, and died at Cologne in misery, almost of hunger, after ten years of persecution.

All crowns are more or less crowns of thorns. The better and more conscientious the wearer, the more 25 heavily do the responsibilities of power weigh on him. It is impossible not to feel anxious when an error of judgment may bring misery to thousands.

Man was meant to grow, not to stand still. In aspiring, however, be scrupulous about the means as well as the end. An apparent rise, if obtained by evil means, is really a fall. Many of us at any rate cannot stand still; we must go forward or die.

How then can we reconcile these two necessities of our nature? Our ambition should be to rule ourselves, the true kingdom for each one of us; and true progress is to know more, and be more, and be able to do more. In this progress there need be no stop; with every step 10 it becomes safer, not more hazardous. The first and highest ambition a man can have is to do his duty. It is said that the word "glory" does not appear once in the Duke of Wellington's dispatches. "Duty" was the watchword of his life.

"Two things," said Wordsworth, "contradictory as they may seem, must go together: manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance." Learn to obey, and you will know how to command. Drill is good discipline both of mind and body, 20 and a bad soldier will never make a good general.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

We often associate passion with action and patience with inaction. But this is a mistake. Patience requires 25 strength, while passion is a sign of weakness and want of self-control.

If you are placed in authority, be scrupulously just and courteous. Sadi tells us that an Oriental monarch once gave an order to put an innocent man to death. He said, "Oking, spare thyself. I shall suffer pain but for a moment, while the guilt will attach to thee forever."

Conduct is life: in the long run happiness and prosperity depend upon it. Watch yourself then day by day. Habit is second nature. "Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny." We all grow a little every day, either better or worse. Think on what is good and you will not do what is evil.

We know that we cannot be perfect, but yet we should aim at perfection in character as in everything else. More15 over, we all have implanted in us a sure guide, and if we follow Conscience we cannot go far wrong. Every one who chooses may lead a noble life. Always then place before yourself the highest possible ideal. Abridged.

Sen'eca: a Roman philosopher whose wise sayings are frequently quoted. Seneca was the tutor of Nero, and lost his life during the persecutions of that cruel emperor's reign. — Lord Bea'consfield (běk'unz-feeld): Benjamin Disrae'li, a prolific writer and, at one time, the prime minister of England. — Marie de Médicis (mā-de-sēss'): the mother of Louis XIII. — the Duke of Wellington: one of England's great generals and the conqueror of Napoleon. — Pride goeth before destruction: see Proverbs xvi. 18. — Sadi (sā'di): a Persian poet famous for the moral tone of his writings and for his clear and brilliant style. Demosthenes, Cicero, Sadi, and Zoroaster were known as the "Monarchs of Eloquence." Sadi died in 1263, at a great age.

THE VEERY 1

HENRY VAN DYKE

HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., LL.D., was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1852. He is well known as a preacher, editor, professor, and author. His literary work is varied and full of charm, whether he writes of "Little Rivers" or "The Story of the Psalms."

- The moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were 5 pouring,
- When first I heard the nightingale a long-lost love deploring.
- So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eerie;
- I longed to hear a simpler strain,—the wood-notes of the veery.
- The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish heather;
- It sprinkles down from far away like light and love 10 together;
- He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate, his dearie;
- I only know one song more sweet,—the vespers of the veery.

¹ From "The Builders and Other Poems." Copyright, 1897. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

- In English gardens, green and bright and full of fruity treasure,
- I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry measure:
- The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and cheery,
- And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the veery.
- But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing; New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing:
 - And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
 - I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery.

veer'y: an American thrush, also called "Wilson's thrush"; common in the northern United States and in Canada. — Ar'no: a river of Italy. — eerie: wild, weird. — laverock (lā'ver-ŏk): the lark. — vespers: evening hymns. — fain: gladly. This word has an interesting history.



SPRING

HENRY TIMROD

HENRY TIMROD (1829–1867) was an American poet. He was a native of South Carolina and is perhaps the finest interpreter of the heroism and devotion of the South.

5

10

15

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand Of Winter in the land, Save where the maple reddens on the lawn, Flushed by the season's dawn;

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems Appear some azure gems, Small as might deck, upon a gala day, The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

And there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

15

20

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start, If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

agle: astir with joyous life. — span: a short space. Literally, this is the distance included between the tip of the little finger and the end of the thumb of an outspread hand. — ga'la: festive. — fay: fairy. — Dry'ad: according to Greek mythology the Dryads were nymphs who lived in trees.

HOW WE ARE JUDGED

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A man passes for that he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man know that he can do anything, — that he can do it better than any one else, — he has a pledge of the acknowledgment 5 of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a newcomer is as well and accurately weighed in 10 the course of a few days and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets. with airs and pretensions; an older boy says to himself, 15 "It's of no use; we shall find him out to-morrow."

As much virtue as there is, so much appears; as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands. The high, the generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruct and command mankind. Never was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly. A man passes for that he is worth. What

he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations, and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, cuts lines of mean expression in his cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast on the back of the head, and writes 10 O fool! fool! on the forehead of a king.

the mark of the beast: see the Book of Revelation xvi. 2. Phrenologists, or those who claim that they can perceive character in the shape of the head, assert that overdevelopment in the back of the head indicates the presence of animal rather than spiritual attributes.

THE CAMEL'S NOSE

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

Mrs. Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney (1791-1865) was an American teacher and writer, who was one of the first to be interested in higher education for women. Most of her life was spent in New England.

Once in his shop a workman wrought, With languid head and listless thought, When, through the open window's space, Behold, a camel thrust his face!
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"

15

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head;
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet more astonished, heard him say,
"If thou art troubled, go away,
For in this place I choose to stay."

10

15

O youthful hearts to gladness born, Treat not this Arab lore with scorn! To evil habits' earliest wile Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile. Choke the dark fountain ere it flows, Nor e'en admit the camel's nose!



THE MAN WITH THE COPPER HAND

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood (1847-1903) was an American writer of historical fiction.

Note. — This selection is taken from "Heroes of the Middle West."

One day at the end of August, when Marquette's bones had lain under his chapel altar nearly two years and a half, the first ship ever seen upon the lakes was sighted off St. Ignace. Hurons and Ottawas, French traders and wood rangers, ran out to see the huge winged creature scudding between Michilimackinac Island and Round Island. She was of about forty-five tons burden. Five cannon showed through her portholes, and as she came nearer a carved dragon was seen to be her figurehead; she displayed the name Griffin and bore the white flag of France. The priest himself felt obliged to receive her company, for three friars, in the gray robe of St. Francis appeared on the deck. But two men, one in a mantle of scarlet and gold, and the other in white and gold French uniform, were most watched by all eyes.

The ship fired a salute, and the Indians howled with 20 terror and started to run, then turned back to see her drop her sails and her anchor and come up in that deep crescent-shaped bay. She had weathered a hard storm in Lake Huron; but the men who handled her ropes were of little interest to the men on shore, who watched her masters coming to land.



"It is the Sieur de la Salle in the scarlet mantle," one ranger said to another. "And this is the ship he hath 5 been building at Niagara. First one hears that creditors

have seized his fort of Frontenac, and then one beholds him sailing here in state, as though naught on earth could daunt him."

"I should like service with him," said the other.

5 His companion laughed.

"Service with La Salle means the hardest marching and heaviest labor a voyageur ever undertook. I have heard he is himself tough as iron. But men hereabouts who have been in his service will take to the woods when they hear he has arrived,—traders that he sent ahead with goods. If he gets his hand on them after he finds they have squandered his property, it will go hard with them."

"He has a long gray-colored face above his broad shoulders. I have heard of this Sieur Robert Cavelier to de la Salle ever since he came to the province more than ten years ago, but I never saw him before. Is it true that Count Frontenac is greatly bound to him?"

"So true that Sieur de la Salle thereby got favor at court. It was at court that a prince recommended to him you swart Italian in white and gold that he brought with him on his last voyage from France. Now there is a man already known throughout the colony by reason of his hand."

"Which hand?"

"The right one."

"I see naught ailing that. He wears long gauntlets pulled well over both wrists."

"His left hand is on his sword hilt. Doth he not hold the right a little stiffly?"

"It is true. The fingers are not bent."

"They never will be bent. It is a hand of copper."

"How can a man with a copper hand be of service in 5 the wilderness?"

The first ranger shrugged. "That I know not. But having been maimed in European wars and fitted with a copper hand, he was yet recommended to Sieur de la Salle."

"But why hath an Italian the uniform of France?"

"He is a French officer, having been exiled with his father from his own country. His name is Henri de Tonty."

The ranger who had reached the settlement later than his companion grunted.

"One would say thou wert of the *Griffin* crew thyself, 15 with the latest news from Quebec and Montreal. But I will say this for Monsieur Henri de Tonty,— a better-made man never stepped on the strand at St. Ignace."

Abridged.

Marquette (mar-kět'): a famous French missionary and explorer. With the fur trader Joliet (zho-le-ā') he discovered the upper courses of the Mississippi.—St. Ignace': a mission settlement on the island north of Michigan then known as Michilimack'inac and now called Mackinac (māk'ī-na) Island.—Sieur de la Salle (syếr deh lä säl'): Robert Cavelier (kä-vė-lyā') de la Salle was the discoverer of the mouth of the Mississippi and the explorer of a great part of its valley.—Frontenac: a French officer who in 1678 was made governor general of Canada.—swart: dark complexioned.—Henri de Tonty (on-rē' dā tŏn'tee): a picturesque figure among the early explorers. See Mrs. Catherwood's "Story of Tonty."—Monsieur (mŏ-syê'): Mr. The word is often used alone as we use "Sir."

SANDALPHON

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

5

10

15

20

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire Chant only one hymn, and expire With the song's irresistible stress; Expire in their rapture and wonder, As harp-strings are broken asunder By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng, Unmoved by the rush of the song, With eyes unimpassioned and slow, Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

5

10

15

20

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night, And the welkin above is all white, All throbbing and panting with stars, Among them majestic is standing Sandalphon the angel, expanding His pinions in nebulous bars.

5

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

Sandal'phon: one of the three angels who, according to Jewish belief, receive the prayers of the faithful.— Tal'mud: the law of Moses as explained by Jewish rabbins or rabbis.— Jacob: see Genesis xxxviii. 10-22.— fruitage forbidden: see the story of the Garden of Eden, Genesis iii.— pomegranate (pum'gran-at): a fruit somewhat resembling an orange.

THE LOVE OF NATURE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

natural piety: filial reverence, which causes the man to revere his child-hood as in one sense his father.

THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN

NOTE. — This story is taken from "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," a famous collection of Eastern fairy tales.

There was once a fisherman who, when young, had vowed not to cast his net more than four times a day. This vow he observed; though when he came to have 5 a numerous family he had often occasion to regret his having made it.

One morning, having thrown his net three times without the least success, he was almost wild with grief. Another cast only remained, which he determined to take 10 with particular attention. Having thrown it, instead of a fish he drew up only a small jar of copper with a leaden seal to it. This seal he eagerly removed, in hopes of finding something valuable; but to his great disappointment the casket was empty. He threw it on the ground and 15 continued to eye it in a kind of despair, when he perceived a thick smoke to come out of it, which mounted to the clouds, and extending itself along the sea and shore, formed a great mist. When the smoke was all out of the vessel it connected itself into one body which formed an 20 enormous genie.

At the sight of so terrible a figure the fisherman would have fled, but was too much terrified. "Solomon, Solomon, the great prophet!" exclaimed the genie; "pardon,

pardon, pardon; I never more will oppose your will!" The fisherman hearing this took courage, and said: "Thou proud spirit, what is it thou talkest of? It is eighteen hundred years ago since the prophet Solomon died! Tell me your history, and how you came to be shut up in that vessel."

The genie turning to his deliverer with a fierce look said: "Thou art very bold to call me a proud spirit. Speak to me more civilly before I kill thee!"

"What!" replied the fisherman; "would you kill me for setting you at liberty? Is that the way you reward the service I have done you?"

"I cannot treat you otherwise," replied the genie; "and that you may be convinced of it, listen to my story: I am one of those rebellious spirits who opposed themselves to the will of Solomon. The potent monarch caused me to be seized and brought by force before his throne, when, as I daringly persisted in my disobedience, he shut me up in this copper casket; and that I might not escape, he himself stamped his seal upon this leaden cover and ordered it to be cast into the midst of the sea.

"During the first century of my imprisonment I promised that if any one would deliver me, I would make him immensely rich. During the second I vowed that I would open all the treasures of the earth to any one who should set me free. In the third I promised to make my deliverer a mighty prince, and to be always his attendant spirit.



Many centuries passed over, and I continually increased my promises to him who should render so essential a service; but all in vain; no one was so lucky as to find the coffer and by opening it to obtain the rewards I had bound myself to bestow. At last, enraged and tired with so long a confinement, I vowed that if any one should set me at liberty, I would kill him without mercy; therefore, as you have this day delivered me, prepare yourself to die."

This discourse frightened the poor fisherman beyond measure; but as necessity is the parent of invention, he addressed the genie thus: "If it must be so, I submit; but before I die, I conjure you by the great name which was engraven on the seal of the prophet Solomon that you grant me one request in return for the service I have done you, which you have obliged yourself to repay so hardly." The genie trembled and answered hastily, "Ask what thou wilt, but quickly."

"I cannot believe," said the fisherman, "that you were really confined in that jar; it will not hold one of your feet. I adjure you, therefore, by the oath you have taken, to enter into it again, that I may be convinced."

The body of the genie dissolved, and changing into a mist, extended itself as before. At last it began to enter the jar, which it continued to do by a slow and equal 25 motion till nothing was left out; and immediately a voice came forth which said, "Well, incredulous fellow, I am in the jar now; are you satisfied?"

The fisherman instantly shut down the cover: "Now, genie, it is thy turn to entreat in vain. I will return thee to the sea whence I took thee, and will erect a monument to caution other fishermen to beware of such a wicked genie as thou art, who hast sworn to kill thy deliverer!" The 5 genie endeavored with his utmost force to get out of the vessel again, but the seal of Solomon restrained him. Dissembling, therefore, his anger, he addressed the fisherman in a more pleasant tone; begged him once more to remove the cover, and promised to reward him.

"Thou art a traitor," replied the fisherman, "and I should deserve to lose my life if I were so foolish as to trust thee. I will this moment cast thee back into the sea."

10

"Hear me," said the genie; "if thou wilt set me free, I 15 promise I will not harm thee, but will make thee rich."

Overcome by these words the fisherman again opened the jar, and the genie instantly kicked it into the sea. Then he led the fisherman to a great pond lying between four hills. "Cast in thy nets here," said the genie, "and 20 carry thy fish to the sultan, who will reward thee liberally." Having said this the genie disappeared.

genie (jē'ny), plural ge'nii (jē'nĕ-ī): a genie is a good or evil spirit having wonderful powers. -- Solomon: King Solomon was famous in Arabian history as well as in Jewish. - seal: the seal of Solomon, according to tradition, had the name of God engraved upon it, which gave to its owner power over spirits and demons.

SONG

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785-1866) was an English poet and humorist.

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

5

15

20

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL

JOHN MILTON

10 John Milton (1608–1674) was the greatest English poet after Shakespeare. The following lines are taken from "Paradise Lost."

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train.

CIRCE'S PALACE

Note. — Two of the greatest poems in the world are "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey" of the Greek poet Homer. In "The Iliad" the poet tells the story of the siege of Troy, — a siege which lasted ten years. "The Odyssey" recounts the adventures of the wise Greek hero Ulysses or Odysseus on his way from Troy to his far-off home in Ithaca. Among these adventures is the visit to Circe's palace. Ulysses himself tells the story to a king who asks about his painful journey. The following lesson is a condensed prose translation of the passage.

And now we reached the island where great Circe dwelt, a fair-haired goddess, daughter of the Sun. Here we bore 10 landward with our ship and ran into a sheltering harbor. Landing, we lay two days and nights in sore trouble and distress, but when the morning of the third day dawned I walked briskly up to a high place hoping to see some signs of human life.

Climbing, I took my stand upon a rugged summit, and thence I saw smoke arising through some oak thickets. For a time I doubted whether to go myself and search the matter or to return and send forth my men.

It seemed the better way to return to my swift ship. 20 There, holding a council, I said to all my men: "My friends, let us consider what is wise for us to do. I have seen on every side the boundless sea, and not far off a curl of smoke among the trees."

As I spoke the men lamented and cried aloud, remem- 25 bering the cruel treatment they had already suffered.

I now divided the whole number of my companions into two bands, and gave one into the care of brave Eurylochus, while I led the other. Then we shook the lots in a helmet to see which should go first, and the lot of bold Eurylochus leaped out. So he departed with his two and twenty men, leaving us in sorrow behind.

Within the glade they found the house of Circe, built of smooth stone upon high ground. Here were mountain wolves and lions, which Circe had charmed by giving them of evil drugs. These creatures did not spring upon my men, but stood erect, wagging their long tails and fawning.

In the house could be heard Circe singing with sweet voice while tending her great loom and weaving her lustrous webs as fine and exquisite as those of the gods.

Suddenly she opened the bright doors and bade the men come in. All followed, heedless of a snare, — all except Eurylochus. She led them in and made a potion for them, mixing it of cheese and barley and wine and adding hateful drugs to make them forget their native land.

Now when they had drunk, swiftly with a wand she struck them and they took on the shape of swine, yet was their reason as sound as before. Then Circe shut them up in pens and flung them acorns, chestnuts, and such other food as swine are wont to eat. Eurylochus meanwhile came to the swift black ship to bring me tidings of my men and of their cruel fate. Slinging my sword about my shoulders, I bade him lead me back by the selfsame road,

but he clasped my knees and entreated me not to force him to return.

Then said I, "Eurylochus, remain here yourself by the

black ship; but I will go."

So saying I walked onward. But soon I met Hermes of the golden wand, in the likeness of a youth, who thus addressed me: "Where are you going, rash man, along these hills

alone? You will join your companions, who are penned like swine in Circe's house. But take this magic herb and all may

As he spoke

vet be well."

Hermes drew the herb from the ground. Black at the root it is, with a milk-white flower, and the gods call it moly.

15

I went on my way, but my heart grew dark within me. 25 I stood at the gate of the fair-haired goddess and called, and she heard my voice. Opening the shining doors, she

bade me enter, and I followed with an aching heart. She led me in and placed me in a silver-studded chair, and gave me to drink a potion in a golden cup. After I had drunk it off she smote me with her wand, crying out, 5 "Off to the sty, and lie there with your friends!"

But I sprang upon her as if to slay her, and sorrowfully she said: "Who are you? Of what race? No other man ever withstood these charms. Surely you are none other than the brave Ulysses. Nay, then, put up your sword, 10 and let us be enemies no more. I swear to you I will work you no further woe."

Meanwhile her maids spread beautiful cloths upon the chairs and brought in silver tables, setting out food of many kinds. But I sat with other thoughts, my heart foreboding evil.

When Circe saw me sitting thus she said: "Why do you sit like one dumb? You have no cause for fear."

Then I answered her: "Ah, Circe, what upright man could bring himself to eat and drink until he had released 20 his friends? If you truly wish me to drink and eat, let me see my trusty comrades set free."

From the hall went Circe, wand in hand. She opened the doors and forth she drove a herd of swine. As they passed before her she anointed each with a counter-charm, and once more they were men, younger than before, much fairer too, and taller. Each grasped my hand, and from them all deep sobs burst forth till the house gave a sad

echo. Even Circe pitied us, and said: "Ulysses, let not this grief rise farther now. Come, sit here and feast, until you find again that courage which was yours in Ithaca."

She spoke and we yielded. Here, then, for a full year we stayed and feasted. But when the long days were 5 done my trusty comrades called me aside and said, "Consider now, sir, your native land, if ever we are to reach home again."

So they spoke, and I listened to them. Making supplication to the goddess on my knees, I said: "Circe, fulfill to the promise to send us home; for now my spirit stirs with that of all my men, who vex my heart with their complainings."

Straightway the goddess answered, "Ulysses, stay no longer against your will, though first you must perform 15 another journey."

Then through the house I passed, rousing my men with cheering words. "Sleep no longer," I said, "nor tarry in pleasant dreaming, but let us go, since Circe will show us the way." And while we walked to the swift ship Circe 20 went on before, passing us lightly by. For when a goddess wills to become invisible what man can see her passing to and fro?

Circe: a cruel enchantress, full of treachery and wickedness. — Odysseus (ō-dis'ūs): a Greek chief. — Euryl'ochus: one of Ulysses' crew. — wont: used. — Hermes (her'mēz): the messenger of the gods. — golden wand: Apollo gave to Hermes a three-leaved rod of gold, a wand of wealth and happiness. — potion: drink.

SIR LARK AND KING SUN: A PARABLE

GEORGE MACDONALD

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824-1902) was a Scottish author. He has written several novels, poems, and stories for young people.

"Good morrow, my lord!" in the sky alone, Sang the lark as the sun ascended his throne. "Shine on me, my lord; I only am come, Of all your servants, to welcome you home. I have flown right up, a whole hour, I swear, To catch the first shine of your golden hair."

5

"Must I thank you then," said the king, "Sir Lark,
For flying so high and hating the dark?
You ask a full cup for half a thirst:
Half was love of me, and half love to be first.
There's many a bird makes no such haste,
But waits till I come! that's as much to my taste."

And King Sun hid his head in a turban of cloud,
And Sir Lark stopped singing, quite vexed and cowed;
But he flew up higher, and thought, "Anon
The wrath of the king will be over and gone;
And his crown, shining out of its cloudy fold,
Will change my brown feathers to a glory of gold."

So he flew — with the strength of a lark he flew; But, as he rose, the cloud rose too; And not one gleam of the golden hair Came through the depths of the misty air; Till, weary with flying, with sighing sore, The strong sun-seeker could do no more.

5

10

15

20

His wings had had no chrism of gold; And his feathers felt withered and worn and old; He faltered, and sank, and dropped like a stone. And there on her nest, where he left her, alone Sat his little wife on her little eggs, Keeping them warm with wings and legs.

Did I say alone? Ah, no such thing!
Full in her face was shining the king.
"Welcome, Sir Lark! You look tired," said he;
"Up is not always the best way to me.
While you have been singing so high and away,
I've been shining to your little wife all day."

He had set his crown all about the nest,
And out of the midst shone her little brown breast;
And so glorious was she in russet gold,
That for wonder and awe Sir Lark grew cold.
He popped his head under her wing, and lay
As still as a stone, till King Sun was away.

anon': presently. - chrism: a sacred ceremony of anointing.

THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLAKE

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827) was an English poet and artist of remarkable gifts. His verse, original and striking as it was, owed much to the illustrative ability of its author.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

5

10

15

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire—
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain, In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? What dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp? When the stars threw down their spears, And watered heaven with their tears, Did he smile his work to see? Did He who made the lamb make thee?

ĸ

Tiger, tiger, burning bright In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE TWO FRIENDS

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

CHARLOTTE M. Yonge (1823–1901) was a well-known English writer of stories and novels. "The Heir of Redclyffe" is her most popular book. 10

Note. — This story is often told in another way, which reverses the parts enacted by the two friends, but the loyalty of their affection remains the same.

Syracuse was a great Greek city, although it was built in the island of Sicily. This island was a natural meeting 15 place of the nations and a battlefield between contending races. The Greeks of Sicily were constantly waging war, and at length they came completely under the power of one of their successful generals named Dionysius. This was in the year 405 B.C.

Dionysius, although a man of great ability, had a strange and capricious temper. Under his rule the city became rich and powerful, but he was everywhere regarded with suspicion and ill will. He was interested in poetry and philosophy and liked to have learned men about him, yet he did not know how to arouse their affection or even their gratitude. The story is told of 5 him that on hearing his friend Damocles express a wish to be ruler of the city for a single day Dionysius took him at his word. Damocles found himself seated before a delicious banquet with everything that could please his senses,—food, wine, flowers, perfumes, music,—but over 10 his head, hanging by a single horsehair, was a sword! This was to show the fear in which Dionysius constantly lived and the price which he had to pay for his greatness.

So great was the usurper's dread of treachery that he caused a wide trench to be made around his bedroom with a drawbridge that he could draw up with his own hands at night. He put his barber to death because the man boasted that he held a razor to his master's throat every morning. After that Dionysius obliged his daughters to shave him; and, at last, lacking confidence either in their skill or in their affection, he ordered that his beard should not be shaved, but singed off with red-hot nutshells.

These stories may not be true, but they show what kind of man Dionysius was, and how easily his anger was incurred. Among those whom he sentenced to death was 25 Pythias, a soldier of Syracuse.

Pythias had relatives in Greece, where he also owned land, and he begged as a special favor to be allowed to

go thither and arrange his affairs, promising to return within a certain time to be put to death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily who would answer for his return?

Pythias replied that he had a friend named Damon & who would become security for him, and even while Dionysius scoffed at such simplicity Damon came forward and offered to give himself up in his friend's place should Pythias not return in time.

Dionysius consented to let Pythias go, wondering what 10 would be the end of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear, yet Damon showed no uneasiness. He said that he was sure of his friend's truth and honor, and that, if any accident had caused the delay, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him. The last day 15 of the time allowed Pythias drew near, and still Damon was serene and content. The appointed hour came, yet his trust was unshaken. "Winds and waves have delayed him," he said, refusing to believe that he had been left to his fate by a faithless friend. At the very last moment 20 Pythias rushed in, embraced his friend, and stood forward to receive his sentence, calm, composed, and rejoicing that he had come in time.

Dionysius was overcome by such loyalty. He revoked the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two men to him 25 begged them to admit him as a third in their friendship.

Adapted.

ŒNONE

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892) was one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. His poetry is noted for its perfect form and for its melody and sweetness. When Tennyson was forty years old he was made poet laureate, and in 1884 he was given a seat in the House of Lords.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling through the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.

Hither came at noon

Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida, Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. For now the noonday quiet holds the hill: The grasshopper is silent in the grass: The lizard, with his shadow on the stone, Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.



The purple flower droops: the golden bee Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.

My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love, My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim, And I am all aweary of my life."

Enone (t-nō'nt): a nymph who lived on Mt. Ida. — Ida: a mountain of Asia Minor. — Ionian: the Ionian Islands are west of Greece. — Paris: the son of Priam, king of Troy, brought up as a shepherd boy on Mt. Ida. He wedded Œnone, but left her when the goddess Venus promised him the fairest woman in the world for his wife. — fragment: a broken piece of rock. — many-fountained Ida: Homer's phrase. See "The Iliad," Book XIV.

AN ANT'S NEST

ANDREW WILSON

Andrew Wilson (1852-) is a Scottish lecturer and writer on scientific subjects.

A certain event, occurring during a recent holiday by the sea, tended forcibly to impress upon the mind that the great catastrophes of life are not limited to humanity's special sphere, and that in lower life panic and alarm seem to exercise no small influence, as in man's estate.

The chance removal, from its secure site, of a large stone placed in close proximity to the sea beach proved, on examination, to be the cause of a literal revolution in lower life. Imagine a city to be totally unroofed; try to conceive of the sudden downfall of houses and buildings and the consequent panic of the inhabitants, and you may obtain an idea of the disturbance our simple procedure effected in the peaceable, well-ordered colony of ants which had located themselves securely beneath the friendly shelter of the stone.

The scene presented to view was one of the most curious and interesting which could engage the attention of an observer in any field of inquiry. Running hither and thither in wild confusion were the denizens of this underground colony, their six little legs carrying their curious globular bodies backward and forward over the

disturbed area from which the stone had been removed. At first the movements of the ants were extremely erratic and purposeless. Panic and alarm appeared to be the order of the day during the few minutes which elapsed after the removal of the stone. But soon the eve could 5 discern movements of purposive kind on the part of the alarmed residents. There was "racing and chasing" in all directions; but the ants which had at first radiated from the center of disturbance, as if on some definite quest, soon returned thereunto, and continued to advance 10 and retire from the field of action with tolerable regularity. Not less than sixty or seventy ants appeared to be engaged in this labor of scouring the country around. The object of their repeated journeys in all directions was soon discovered. They were the self-appointed scouts, 15 engaged in the work of reconnoitering. Such at least is a fair interpretation of the acts of the ants, and such also is the conclusion, borne out by the subsequent course of events; for, after the scouts had spent a considerable time in their rapid journeys to the environments of the 20 nest, a new set of ants appeared upon the scene, destined to perform a highly important series of labors.

The scouts continued their journeyings, and gave one the idea of a set of fussy individuals who were superintending, or even bullying, their new neighbors, who 25 appeared from amongst the ruins and débris of the ant city, carrying in their mouths certain oval bodies of a dirty-white color, and measuring each about one third of an inch in length. Each of these bodies resembled a grain of corn in shape, size, and appearance. The spectacle of these small insects carrying off these bodies in their powerful jaws impressed one forcibly with the idea that, relatively to its size, an ant is an herculean insect.

Occasionally there might be seen certain rather ludicrous incidents connected with the removal of the objects in question. One ant might be witnessed in the endeavor to hoist the oval body it was carrying in its mouth over some obstacle lying in the path, and the staggering gait of the insect seemed very accurately to mimic a human porter struggling under a burdensome load. Another ant, carrying the oval body before it, would arrive at a steep incline formed of loose sand, and presenting a treacherous surface even to the light feet of the insect. The efforts of the ant to carry the body upward being found to be fruitless, the insect might be seen to whirl about with great rapidity of action, and ascend the hill backward, pulling the body after it instead of pushing it as before.

Another instance might be witnessed in which an ant which had come to grief with its burden would be assisted by a kindly neighbor; but it was no uncommon sight to behold in the excessive eagerness of the insects an actual means of defeating the object they had in view, since two ants would in some cases seize the same burden, and then came the tug of war. One pulled one way

whilst the other tugged in the opposite direction; and the observer could almost have supposed that the burden itself might have been parted in twain by the treatment to which it was subjected,—the incident affording a new application to the remark that a surfeit of zeal is destructive of the best intentions. The nature of the bodies which the ants seemed so excessively anxious to preserve from injury was readily determined. The oval bodies, resembling grains of corn, were the pupa or chrysalides of the ants,—the sleeping babies on whom the hopes of 10 the colony were founded.

The work of removing the developing population appeared in our ant's nest to absorb the entire energies of the alarmed denizens. Pupa after pupa was carried out from amongst the débris and taken for a considerable dis- 15 tance — certainly fifteen inches — to a place of security, beneath a small sloping stone of flat shape, which roofed over a hollow in the ground. So far as I could observe, the scouts must have discovered this place of refuge and communicated the intelligence to their neighbors. Now 20 and then an ant would emerge from the ruins of the nest carrying a younger hopeful in the larva or caterpillar stage. This latter was a little white grub, which corresponds in its development to the grub or caterpillar of the butterfly or fly. It was rather a difficult matter to ascer- 25 tain clearly if the ants were actually excavating the chrysalides from amongst the débris. Bearing in mind

what Sir John Lubbock has told us concerning the apparent inability of ants to discover the whereabouts of companions buried under the earth, I rather lean to the belief that my ants simply conveyed to a place of safety those 5 chrysalides which were at hand and readily obtainable.

The busy scene resulting from the disturbance of the nest proceeded actively during at least two hours. The nest appeared to be by no means a large one. Five and a half hours after the ants had been alarmed not one of them was visible over the disturbed area.

Abridged.

racing and chasing: see Scott's "Lochinvar." — corn: wheat, according to English usage. — Sir John Lubbock: an English scientist. See page 235.

TIGER LILIES

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836–1907) was an American author, editor, and poet of high rank. Mr. Aldrich's poems have a delicate grace and sweetness.

I like not lady's slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow;
I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger lilies,
That in our garden grow!

15

20

For they are tall and slender;
Their mouths are dashed with carmine;
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful—
They are Circassian women,
The favorites of the Sultan,
Adown our garden walks!

5

10

15

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,—
How they burn and glow!
O for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger lilies,
That in our garden grow!

Circassian women: noted for their beauty and grace.



SAMUEL JOHNSON — I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804–1864) was one of the greatest literary artists America has produced. Among his best-known books are "The Marble Faun," "Twice-Told Tales," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Scarlet Letter."

"Sam," said Mr. Michael Johnson, of Lichfield, one morning, "I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the bookstall in the market place there."

This was spoken above a hundred years ago by an elderly man, who had once been a thriving bookseller at Lichfield, in England. Being now in reduced circumstances, he was forced to go every day and sell books at a stall in the neighboring village of Uttoxeter.

His son, to whom Mr. Johnson spoke, was a great boy of very singular aspect. He had an intelligent face, but it was seamed and distorted by a scrofulous humor, which affected his eyes so badly that sometimes he was almost blind. Owing to the same cause his head would often shake with a tremulous motion. When Sam was an infant the touch of the king or queen was supposed to be a certain remedy for scrofula, it produced no good effect upon Sam Johnson.

At the time which we speak of the poor lad was not very well dressed, and wore shoes from which his toes peeped out. But, poor as the family were, Sam Johnson had as much pride as any nobleman's son in England. The fact was, he felt conscious of uncommon sense and ability, 5 which, in his own opinion, entitled him to great respect from the world. Perhaps he would have been glad if grown people had treated him as reverentially as his schoolfellows did. Three of them were accustomed to come for him every morning; and while he sat upon the 10 back of one, the two others supported him on each side, and thus he rode to school in triumph.

When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted and made an indistinct grumbling in his throat; then he looked his old father in the face, and answered him loudly and 15 deliberately.

"Sir," said he, "I will not go to Uttoxeter Market!"

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if for the sake of your foolish pride you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and 20 confusion of the market when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say."

Sam looked after Mr. Johnson with a sullen countenance till he was out of sight, but when the old man's figure, as he went stooping along the street, was no more 25 to be seen, the boy's heart began to smite him. He had a vivid imagination, and it tormented him with the image

of his father standing in the market place of Uttoxeter and offering his books to the noisy crowd around him.

"My poor father!" thought Sam to himself. "How his head will ache! and how heavy his heart will be! I am almost sorry that I did not do as he bade me."

Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know of what had passed between Mr. Johnson and Sam.

"Mother," said he, "did you think father seemed very 10 ill to-day?"

"Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire where she was cooking their scanty dinner. "Your father did look very ill, and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a great boy now, and would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you."

The lad made no reply. But again his imagination set to work and conjured up another picture of poor Michael 20 Johnson. He was standing in the hot sunshine of the market place, and looked so weary, sick, and disconsolate that the eyes of all the crowd were drawn to him. "Had the old man no son," the people would say among themselves, "who might have taken his place at the bookstall while the father kept his bed?"

"Oh, I have been a cruel son!" thought he within his own heart. "God forgive me! God forgive me!"

After sunset old Michael Johnson came slowly home and sat down in his customary chair. He said nothing to Sam, nor do I know that a single word ever passed between them on the subject of the lad's disobedience. In a few years his father died and left Sam to fight his 5 way through the world by himself. It would make our story much too long were I to tell you even a few of the remarkable events of Sam's life. Moreover, there is the less need of this, because many books have been written about that poor boy, and the fame that he acquired, and 10 all that he did after he came to be a man.

But one thing I must not neglect to say. From his boyhood upward until the latest day of his life he never forgot the story of Uttoxeter market. Often when he was a scholar of the University of Oxford, or master of 15 an academy at Edial, or a writer for the London booksellers, in all his poverty and toil and in all his success, while he was walking the streets without a shilling to buy food, or when the greatest men of England were proud to feast him at their table, still that heavy and 20 remorseful thought came back to him, "I was cruel to my poor father in his illness!" Many and many a time, awake or in his dreams, he seemed to see old Michael Johnson standing in the dust and confusion of the market place and pressing his withered hand to his forehead as if 25 it ached.

SAMUEL JOHNSON — II

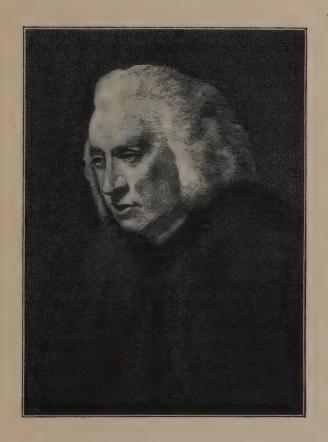
Fifty years had passed away since young Sam Johnson had shown himself so hard-hearted toward his father. It was now market day in the village of Uttoxeter.

There was a clock in the gray tower of the ancient church, and the hands on the dial plate had now almost reached the hour of noon. At this busiest hour of the market a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was very tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and smallclothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them with a singular kind of gait, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there.

"Make way, sir!" he would cry out, in a loud, harsh voice, when somebody happened to interrupt his progress. "Sir, you intrude your person into the public thorough20 fare!"

"What a queer old fellow this is!" muttered the people among themselves, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to be angry.

But when they looked into the venerable stranger's face not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer



him the least impertinence. Though his features were scarred and distorted, and though his eyes were dim and bleared, yet there was something of authority and wisdom in his look which impressed them all with awe. So they stood aside to let him pass; and the old gentleman made his way across the market place and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it the clock struck twelve.

On the very spot of ground where the stranger now stood some aged people remembered that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his bookstall. The little children who had bought picture books of him were grandfathers now.

"Yes, here is the very spot!" muttered the old gentle15 man to himself.

There this unknown personage took his stand and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of human voices, the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of pigs, and the laughter caused by a puppet show, the market place was in very great confusion. But the stranger seemed not to notice it any more than if the silence of a desert were around him. He was rapt in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to heaven, as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head, as if an unsupportable weight of sorrow were upon him. It increased the awfulness of his aspect that there was a

motion of his head and an almost continual tremor throughout his frame, with singular twitchings and contortions of his features.

The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head, but he seemed not to feel its fervor. A dark cloud swept across the sky and raindrops pattered into the market place; but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with superstitious fear and wonder. Who could he be? Whence did he come? Wherefore was he standing bareheaded in to the market place? Even the schoolboys came to gaze with wide-open eyes at this tall, strange-looking old man.

There was a cattle drover in the village who had recently made a journey to the Smithfield Market in London. No sooner had this man thrust his way through 15 the throng and taken a look at the unknown personage than he whispered to one of his acquaintances, "I say, Neighbor Hutchins, would ye like to know who this old gentleman is?"

"Aye, that I would," replied Neighbor Hutchins, "for 20 a queerer chap I never saw in my life. Somehow it makes me feel small to look at him. He's more than a common man."

"You may well say so," answered the cattle drover.
"Why, that's the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson, who 25
they say is the greatest and wisest man in England. I
saw him in London streets, walking with one Mr. Boswell."

Yes, the poor boy, the friendless Sam, with whom we began our story, had become the famous Samuel Johnson. He was universally acknowledged as the wisest man and greatest writer in all England. He had given shape and 5 permanence to his native language by his Dictionary. Thousands upon thousands of people had read his "Idler." his "Rambler," and his "Rasselas." Noble and rich men and beautiful ladies deemed it their privilege to be his companions. He was now at the summit of literary renown. But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never, never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over so many years, had he forgiven himself for inflicting 15 such a pang upon his heart. And now, in his old age. he had come hither to do penance by standing at noonday in the market place of Uttoxeter, on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his bookstall. The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor 20 boy refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance and humiliation of heart he hoped to gain peace of

Lichfield: a small English city famous for its fine cathedral.—Uttoxeter (mks'e-ter): a town north of Lichfield.—E'dial: Edial Hall was near Lichfield.—Mr. Boswell: a friend and admirer of Doctor Johnson. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is a famous biography.—Idler, Rambler, Rasselas: the "Idler" and the "Rambler" were collections of essays. "Rasselas" was the story of a prince whose home was in the "Happy Valley."

Abridged.

conscience and the forgiveness of God.

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-) is an English author and poet of remarkable gifts. His stories of life in India first made him famous.

Note. — This poem was written directly after Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when the display of England's power had been overwhelming.

5

10

15

20

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5

10

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

recessional: a hymn sung at the close of a religious service. — palm and pine: lands of the palm and lands of the pine. — humble: this comes from a Latin word meaning near the ground or low. We still speak of a humble dwelling or a humble roof. — con'trite: the literal meaning is crushed or bruised. This use of the word is now outgrown and it has come to mean penitent. — the fire: beacon fires. — Nineveh, Tyre: ancient cities, now dust and ashes. — Gen'tiles: a Jewish term for those lacking true religious principles; heathen. — lesser breeds: those who own no moral or religious obligations. — the Law: literally, the Jewish law as given in the Old Testament. Here it means the accepted moral standard of civilized nations. — heathen: originally one who dwelt on the heath or in the woods. Culture and civilization came first to the cities, while the pagans or countrymen clung to their belief in idols and false gods. — reeking tube and iron shard: figures of speech for material power and energy. — Amen: a Hebrew word meaning So be it.

